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Pipeline and Parliament

► THE PIPE LINE BILL was a bad bill, and even if it had been a good one, the way it was rammed through Parliament would have been indefensible.

Why was it a bad bill?

First, because it was a fraud. Mr. Howe kept calling it "all-Canadian." It didn't even start that way, five years ago. The company was then a wholly owned subsidiary of Canadian Delhi Oil, an American-controlled company. But at that time it was at least going to carry gas wholly through Canadian territory to Canadian consumers. By the time the thing came before Parliament this year, it was still American-controlled (83.4 per cent), but it was no longer going to carry gas wholly through Canadian territory to Canadian consumers. It was going to carry 200,000,000 cubic feet per day down to the American border for American consumers (with a good prospect of another 200,000,000), and perhaps (if the line got built east of Winnipeg) 300,000,000 for Canadian consumers. But the scheme submitted to Parliament contained not the slightest guarantee that the line would be built one inch east of Winnipeg.

When it came to paying, the thing did indeed come fairly close to being "all-Canadian," because the Canadian taxpayer was to put up nearly all the funds, to start with, anyhow. The Dominion and Ontario Governments were to build the section from the Manitoba-Ontario border to Kapuskasing, and the Dominion was to lend Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Limited 90 per cent of the cost of the Prairie section, Alberta to Winnipeg. The Americans were to retain control, but the Canadian taxpayer was kindly invited to come and bring his cheque book.

Second, the bill was neither public enterprise nor private, but a hodge-podge. There was something to be said for private enterprise, if the private investors had put up the money and taken the risks. There was something to be said for public enterprise: a Crown corporation can build more cheaply because it can borrow money more cheaply and doesn't have to pay sales tax or income tax. There is little or nothing to be said for public enterprise building the unprofitable or least profitable part of the line, and lending private enterprise the money to build most of the profitable part.

Third, the agreement between the Government and Trans-Canada was not part of the bill. The loan for the Prairie section might be made "pursuant to an agreement in that behalf made . . . before or after the coming into force of this Act." The terms of the agreement could be varied, without Parliament having a word to say about it.

Fourth, though the whole scheme was admittedly not only important but complicated, the Government steadfastly refused to submit it to examination by the standing committee on railways, canals and telegraph lines. So there was no opportunity of finding out (a) whether any other private interests would undertake the project with less Government aid or none, with or without provision for export to the United States, with or without provision for Canadian control; (b) the precise difference in costs between public and private enterprise; (c) which, if any, of the three sets of "official" prices for the gas in Canada and at the American border was the correct one; and (d) whether Trans-Canada could really get the supply of 34-inch pipe of which one of its American controlling companies, Tennessee Gas, held the whole North American supply. Point (c) was important because Parliament needed to know whether Trans-Canada was going to sell cheaper to Americans than to Canadians. Point (d) was important because one of the main reasons for insisting that Trans-Canada alone could build the line, and that the bill must be passed forthwith, was that Trans-Canada alone could get the pipe. But the agreement between Trans-Canada and Tennessee on this point bound Tennessee to turn over the pipe only if Tennessee got the necessary "certification, licenses and permits" from the United States Federal Power Commission to allow it to bring the gas into that country; and the prospects of the F.P.C. granting such certificates, licenses and permits before the end of this year are not bright.

There was something very fishy about this refusal to let the bill go to the standing committee. If it was really the

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Current Comment

The Meetings of the Learned Societies

► THE YELLOW BRICK University of Montreal, high on the back slope of Mount Royal, looks out over the northern part of the city into the dim countryside beyond. On a clear day the Laurentians close the horizon. Under the circumstances, more than one person at the 1956 meetings of the Canadian learned societies found the phrase "the long view" inevitable. No doubt it would have been natural under any circumstances, for the meetings, held at the University from June 6 to 16, assembled the members of some eighteen academic and professional organizations to whom society has traditionally assigned the long view as both function and badge of honor. Yet the chief impression I carried away from the nearly two weeks of papers, symposia and presidential addresses was of an atmosphere unacademic in any usual sense.

Not that there was an absence of professional expertise, or of those recondite researchers that feed the popular myths of the absent-minded professor in his ivory tower, the sinister scientist is his duraluminum laboratory. "The Ultra-violet Absorption Spectra of Polynuclear Aromatic Hydrocarbons" followed hard on "The Scientific Contribution of the Russian Mission in Peking in the 18th Century." But this was the expected. What seemed remarkable was the high proportion of non-academic people — civil servants, newspaper editors, CBC officials, businessmen — on hand to participate in a wide range of discussions of topical and general rather than technical and special interest. It was these ventures into shorter viewing which created the strong impression of an increased effort by Canadian scholars to bring the academy into some kind of immediate relation with the community, to join the professor (mind very much present) and the scientist (minus his Frankenstein mask) with the banker, the bureaucrat, the journalist in a common assault on the problems of the day.

In the case of the Humanities Association this, or something like this, is a declared aim. And it was not surprising to find them sponsoring discussions of "The Two Cultures," "Television and the Humanities" and "Painting in Quebec." But the humanists were far from being alone in attacking such topics.

Unfortunately these attempts to effect a breakthrough between the narrowly professional interest in salaries and pension plans on the one hand, and the narrowly technical interest in Cordilleran Orogenies or the Asclepiad meter on the other, did not always fare well. Sometimes, as for example in a paper on "Non-Resident Ownership of Canadian Industry" by C. D. Blyth and E. B. Carty of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the scholarly approach to immediate problems seemed the inevitable and brilliant strategy. But more often the joint forces of academy and community appeared to be attacking with weapons little sharper than the clichés of popular journalism; and occasionally they simply retreated from some stubborn redoubt in noisy though usually polite confusion. Discussion of Canadian-American relations, begun in the paper just mentioned, was taken up in other meetings but weakened as it moved around and, when I last encountered it, had relaxed into vague editorials and expressions of good will.

A sadder fate befell another much discussed subject — the two cultures. Taken up with the customary ritual breast-

beatings and prayers of pious hope, this topic became lost temporarily in the labyrinths of the Constitution only to emerge as highly charged as ever and nearly blow the scholars off the mountain. In a glitteringly epigrammatic address to the Royal Society's Section II, Northrop Frye touched briefly on the deeply repressed hatreds which one or two of our poets insist on discovering in the Canadian unconscious. The Historical Association's symposium on "Canadianism" a few days earlier could have supplied evidence. It began harmlessly enough with an argument between Hilda Neatby and R. A. Preston about the value of nationalism, but the third paper by Michael Brunet (read by his colleague Guy Frégault who was clearly in full agreement with it), scorning this genial jockeying toward compromise, adopted on behalf of French Canada a position of shattering intransigence. English-speaking Canada, declared Professors Brunet and Frégault, is built on the ruins of French Canada. All that French Canadians ask now is to be left to live out the doom that came upon them in 1759 without interference from foreign capitals — London, Washington, Ottawa. Nothing in scholarly training prepares one to deal with this sort of thing and the English-speaking members of both panel and audience were reduced to stunned incoherence. For a minute it appeared that the result of applying the academic mind to "Canadianism" would be the total disappearance of the concept if not of the country. Only for a minute of course. Eventually the binding platitudes were more or less buckled back on. But it had been a near thing and remained a depressing one. In the face of this revelation of deep-set divisions and irreconcilable bitterness, Dr. Hans



John Christie Holland

By JESSIE L. BEATTIE, author of *Along the Road*. "A fine, sympathetic and understanding study of this man who was named 'Citizen of the Year' by the Hamilton Advertising and Sales Club in 1953, because of his sincere and deeply rooted faith in helping all people regardless of race, color or creed."
—*The Gazette*, Montreal. \$3.50.

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Selye's plea at a later Royal Society meeting for a universal language of science to bridge the gaps between men could only seem irrelevant.

The meetings of such professional organizations as the Canadian Association of University Teachers, the National Conference of Canadian Universities and the Conference of Deans and Professors of Educational Administration might have been expected to be more successfully practical. Probably much useful work was accomplished. But "the crisis of the universities," the problem of what to do about the enormously swollen enrollments expected within ten years was, so far as I could discover, treated only in a brief paper by C. T. Bissell which urbanely summarized the catastrophe but suggested no remedies.

But nothing said here should be permitted to suggest that the meetings were unsuccessful or disappointing to those who attended. Over three hundred scholarly and technical papers were presented and in the long view, no doubt, it is the long views that count. Though somehow this is not the view one had been led to hope for. ROBERT MCCORMACK

The Health Issue

President Eisenhower's new illness may be nothing more than an "indisposition," as John Foster Dulles has described it, or remedial surgery of a type to which men in the President's age group are often forced to submit, as other Republicans have claimed. But one would imagine that it would be hard to convince a good many people of the truth of these comforting propositions. Republican spokesmen and their "upper middlebrow" house-organ *Time* are taking great pains to remind the public that such Democratic Presidential candidates as Stevenson, Harriman, and Symington have undergone operations in the past decade, although none of them were emergency operations like the President's. When an elderly man suffers two major illnesses within a year, it would ordinarily be taken as a sure sign that his tissues were weakening and that a life of relaxation is indicated. But such is the panic of the Republican Party that to suggest these things publicly is to run the risk of being labelled a partisan of the Democrats.

The whole business is both absurd and degrading: the clandestine manner in which the President was taken to the hospital to prevent sharp-eyed photographers from taking pictures of him being carried on a stretcher; James Hagerty's assurances that it was just an upset stomach and that surgery was out of the question; his assurances after surgery that the President was now healthier than ever; and most of all, the attempt less than forty-eight hours after the operation to make it appear as if Eisenhower were directing the affairs of the nation, making great decisions from his hospital bed, at a time when he was being fed intra-venously and could receive only one visitor at a time.

Yet there doesn't seem to be much evidence that the voters are going to attach great importance to the issue of the President's health, assuming — as seems likely — that having crossed the Rubicon after his heart attack he does not withdraw. One might think that matters of health are something that even the most uninformed and unsophisticated voter understands and that either a mass refusal to elect an ailing man or a large "sympathy" vote for him are probable. But there have been no clear signs that either of these responses have been widespread since the President's attack last September. Perhaps this is as it should be and the voters ought to decide according to their evaluation of the record of the Eisenhower administration rather than according to their estimate of the state of the President's internal organs. The only truly political question raised by Eisen-

hower's illness is whether the possible succession to the Presidency of Richard Nixon would substantially change government policy by reversing the rout suffered by traditional Republicans during the present administration's tenure in office. D.H.W.

Medical Aspects of President Eisenhower's Illness

Medical men and Presidents of the United States have the same occupational hazard: coronary thrombosis and vascular disease in general. Within one's memory, President Wilson suffered an apoplectic stroke; President Coolidge died in his sleep presumably from a heart attack or a stroke; President Roosevelt suffered a succession of apoplectic strokes; and President Eisenhower seven months ago had an attack of coronary thrombosis. We are not here concerned with his new illness, terminal ileitis which is by no means a rare disease, of unknown causation, and causing progressive obstruction of the bowel, often necessitating a short-circuiting operation. The *Forum* is rather concerned with the curious anomaly that where an individual lives on the fat of the land, he dies of vascular disease.

When thousands of G.I.'s died in the Korean campaign, their remains were shipped back to the United States after embalming. During this process it was possible to observe the state of the coronary arteries in the hearts of these young soldiers. Parallel studies were made upon Korean soldiers of the same age who had died in battle. The astounding observation was made that even in the early twenties American soldiers often had serious arteriosclerosis of the coronary and other arteries. The findings can only be attributed to differences in diet. The President of the United States is exposed, among other hazards, to the cooking of the White House kitchen. One doubts whether such a thing as a hot-dog or a boiled potato was ever sent forth to the dining room. It is unfortunately true that to make food tasty it usually has to be heavily laced with fat, eggs, milk, butter and cream. Even cheese to be rendered more marketable has to be enriched with added butter, such cheese often being dignified as "pasteurized" and "processed."

Since his recovery, President Eisenhower has been given a diet poor in fat. His steaks have been broiled. His potatoes have been boiled, and he has been given peas, rice, and beans in quantity. Instead of whole milk he drinks fat-free milk, which is incidentally much cheaper. Since an egg is fifty per cent fat, he is given only an occasional boiled egg. Toast in the morning is smeared with marmalade, not butter. He eats a great deal of bread. On the whole his diet is less appetizing but more wholesome.

Man is chiefly a grain-eating animal. His near ancestor, the monkey lives on nuts and fruits. It will take a lot longer than a million years of evolution to enable man to live long on an Eskimo diet. We do need some fat in our diet, about one quarter of what we have been getting.

Our daily bread is still the best basis for a proper diet. However, already some bakers are beginning to add a little fat to the dough to improve the keeping qualities of the bread. It might be wise to establish in Canada definite legal standards on this matter.

His Excellency, the President of the United States, has always lived a useful life, and in his cardiac ailment he has unavoidably publicized this new knowledge. One would not expect a capitalist press, advertising hydrogenated oils and dairy products, to have featured it earlier: we knew it five years ago. J.M.

The Asian Outlook

In recent weeks, the focal point of Russian interest and Western concern has shifted from the Far to the Near East. But this is temporary. The whole of Asia, whatever the immediate highlight, continues to be the arena of concern. In the West we tend to think of Asia and its peoples as Oriental in some generic sense, much as we think of ourselves as "the West." But "Asia" comprises at least three major civilizations whose ethnic origins, linguistic affinities, religions and basic philosophies could hardly be more contrastive. The only cohesive force, the only thing that makes Asia an entity in any real sense, is the common determination of its peoples to resist enforced absorption into Western civilization.

The grossest forms of forced absorption—direct political and economic control—are now discredited policies in the West. Western colonies are now largely a thing of the past in Asia. Yet the charge of "colonialism" is still levelled at the West. Colonialism is a word charged with emotion. It arouses passions, which our popular emotive words "democracy" and "communism" do not. The Asian powers met in Bandung to discuss colonialism, not to discuss democracy or communism. Clearly the word connotes in Asia something quite other than occupation. For Russia who retains the czarist Asian empire intact, is not often accused of colonialism, while the United States, which has never set foot on the Asian mainland with imperialistic intent, is most frequently accused of colonialism. Why is this?

The answer must be that Asians are interested in defending the integrity of their own civilizations for their own sakes. They do not want to be defended by the representatives of one encroaching ideology, against the advocates of a second. They do not regard such protection as security but as influence peddling, or worse, as subversion. The Asian powers want neither Western nor Russian political forms, but organic forms evolving from their own traditions and growing in their own social environment. (The Chinese communists are quick to claim that this is so in their own case.) Asia wants freedom from want, and all the conventional freedoms, but above all the freedom from having freedom imposed upon it. They need science and technology and a greater share of the world's wealth. They are not prepared to accept them as demonstrations of the superiority of foreign institutions. Neither are they prepared to accept them as tokens to exchange for their own intrinsic right to decide their own fates. Finally they want recognition of the achievements of their own civilizations, and the resulting sense of self-respect that comes from recognition. They resent the stigma, implicit in the suggestion that Western civilization is in some unique way, civilization.

Literary Award

The President's Medal of the University of Western Ontario (poetry category) has been awarded for last year to Louis Dudek's *Keewaydin Poems*, printed in our issue of August, 1955.

Canadian Calendar

● A major increase in credit buying in 1955 is reported by the Bureau of Statistics. A quarterly report on retail credit shows that charge and installment sales rose \$508,000,000 over 1954.

● Canadian agricultural production rose by some 28 per cent in 1955, largely because of more bountiful prairie grain crops.

● George Challies, chairman of the Ontario-St. Lawrence Parks Commission announced on May 18 that a \$750,000 contract for the Long Sault Parkway linking 12 islands to be formed by the power pool of the St. Lawrence Seaway would be awarded next week to the McNamara Construction Co. of Toronto.

● According to the provincial industries and labor department of the Province of Alberta the generally buoyant economic trend of 1955 was maintained in the first three months in Alberta and the farm economy showed improvement over the comparative period of a year ago.

● Establishment of a \$60,000,000 sulphate pulp mill in Saskatchewan's Prince Albert forest region was announced by Premier T. C. Douglas and Vancouver industrialist Robert G. Campbell in Regina.

● Seven Canadians have been awarded fellowships by the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation of New York. The fellowships are granted to scholars and creative workers in the arts who have demonstrated high ability. The awards total \$25,000. The recipients were: Margaret Kirkland Avison, Dr. Kathleen Coburn, Dr. Emil Ludwig Fackenheim, Dr. Leonard Ernest Woodbury, Dr. John David Jackson, Dr. Gustave Lancot, Dr. Tryggvi Julius Olason.

● The Federal Government trebled its budgetary surplus to \$90,614,000 in the first month of the 1956-57 fiscal year.

● The Beechwood hydro-electric development on the St. John River, 100 miles north of Fredericton, endorsed by both Progressive Conservatives and Liberal Parties was the chief issue in the New Brunswick election on June 18. The Liberal Leader, Austin Taylor, has attacked the government for awarding Beechwood contracts to political friends, but the Conservatives were returned with an increased majority.

● The Stratford Shakespearian Festival Foundation will film in color 36 Shakespeare plays, using the Stratford stage production as the basis of the films. A new company will be formed with the Festival to share in the profits of the venture and with Tyrone Guthrie as artistic director. The entire program might take 20 years to complete, but it is hoped that filming will begin this year.

● 1,294,300 Canadians visited the United States last year, spending an average of 12 days on south-of-the-border trips. Americans spent only about half that length of time in Canada.

● Wheat exports for May are said to be nearly double those of a year ago (approximately 42,300,000 bushels compared with 21,300,000 in May 1955).

● Supplementary estimates tabled in the Commons on June 5 boosted proposed Federal spending for the 1956-57 fiscal year to \$4,674,125,513, highest in peacetime.

● President Sukarno of Indonesia addressed a joint sitting of the Senate and Commons in Ottawa on June 5, asking for Canadian sympathy and understanding for Asians and Africans.

● Tobacco production in Canada declined from 184,840,000 pounds in Sept. 30, 1954 to 134,840,000 pounds on Sept. 30, 1955. The value of the crop declined from \$77,788,000 in 1954 to \$57,685,000 in 1955.

● The total value of construction contracts in Canada for the first five months of 1956 was \$1,223,346,900, the highest level in history and an increase of \$222,646,400 (or 22 per cent) over the same period last year.

• Canada has agreed to reduce or abolish duties on a large range of goods in exchange for the first major tariff concessions she has received from the United States and other countries in four years, as a result of four months negotiation in Geneva.

• Canadian foreign trade registered a record deficit of \$144,100,000 in April as exports failed to keep pace with imports. During the first four months of the year the trade deficit soared to a record \$367,300,000 from \$67,400,000 in the corresponding period last year.

• A. E. McBride, president of the Grolier Society of Canada, announced on June 13 the forthcoming publication of a 10-volume Canadian encyclopedia, to be known as Encyclopedia Canadiana — said to be the biggest and costliest venture in Canadian publishing history. It will appear in late 1957.

• Savings on deposit in Canada's chartered banks at April 30 last amounted to \$5,919,000,000 against \$5,791,000,000 at March 31 and \$5,516,000,000 at April 30, 1955.

• Total value of production in B.C.'s forest industry last year was a record \$630,000,000. Timber sales were estimated at a record \$45,000,000. There were 2,561 operating mills — another record.

• Through a grant from the Nuffield Foundation a centre in Canada for the study of medieval art is being established at the University of Toronto as part of the department of art and archaeology.

• Sales in Canadian department stores increased by \$4,660,000 in April to \$94,869,000 from \$90,203,000 a year ago.

• Rev. Finlay Gordon Stewart, minister of St. Andrew's at Kitchener, Canada's second largest Presbyterian Church, has been elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Letter from Paris

► DESPITE FREQUENT SHOWERS of rain, summer is around the corner, and once again Parisians are pacifically witnessing the outpouring into their streets of tourists and sight-seers. Prefacing the general taking-over of the city by summer travelers, Italian President Gronchi, Marshall Tito of Yugoslavia, and the King and Queen of Greece have been the guests of the French government, and therefore of Paris, these past weeks. Each in their way, these have been most welcomed appearances, and even the rather deplorable overdose of police protection and the ensuing increase in already serious traffic difficulties, did not dash popular enthusiasm.

If the charm of Queen Frederika and the lovely looks of Princess Sophia touched the Parisians who tend to feel sentimental when it comes to royalties that are not their own, Tito's visit stirred deeper feelings. People here admire him for having succeeded in keeping the balance even between the USSR and the USA, the obvious inference being that this is what France should do herself. More specifically, the recent turn of events, in Russia, has vindicated the few who, as early as 1948, saw in Tito a constructive answer to Stalin's interpretation of Marxism. The satisfaction evidenced by these anti-Stalinist leftists has not been shared so far by the orthodox Communists, who are experiencing



difficulty in doing away with the Personality Cult. These growing pains of the French CP were brought cruelly into light by the evolution of the *Affaire Hervé*, which exploded in mid-winter, before the XXth Soviet Congress had a chance to define the new line, and has acquired new importance in the face of the evolution of Communist affairs here and abroad. In his book, "La Révolution et les Fétiches," Hervé, a bright young former assistant editor of Communist daily *L'Humanité*, had accused his comrades, and particularly Communist intellectuals, of worshipping fetishes, i.e., mental stereotypes and slogans established by party bigwigs, without ever indulging in individual criticism, and free discussion. Hervé was promptly excluded from the party, and great unrest ensued, a secondary, if entertaining, aspect of which was created by Jean-Paul Sartre's attitude. Formerly anti-communist, Sartre in the past four years has constantly kept himself to the Communist line, while just as constantly refusing to join the Party. The February issue of Sartre's monthly *Les Temps Modernes* therefore opened on what might be termed a nasty if brilliant "attack on a former friend" of which there have been several in the stormy route followed by the review. (Other "former friends": David Rousset, Camus, Merleau-Ponty). While Hervé's individual transformation thus seems to have evolved precisely parallel to that publicized by the XXth Congress, Sartre, together with the French CP, still believe in Thorez and the Cult of Personality. In a second book, published in May, "Lettre à Sartre et à quelques autres par la même occasion," Hervé attacks the French CP for its "left-wing opportunism," its lack of co-operation with democratic forces, and its rejection of "reformism."

Is it this rejection of reformism which prompted the present leaders of the party, with their recently voiced opposition to birth control? At any rate, we are now witnessing this new collusion between extreme conservatism, and the official thesis of *L'Humanité*. A law passed in 1920 prohibits any medical or commercial counselling in connection with birth-control, and the number of abortions in France is high. A recent project presented by three progressive deputies for revision of this law, coincided with the publication by a Communist journalist named Derogy of a substantiated plea for birth-control: "Des Enfants Malgré Nous." In *L'Humanité*, Thorez castigates "comrade Derogy" for his "reactionary Malthusianism" while Thorez's wife Jeannette Vermeersch terms birth-control a "petite-bourgeoise" error, and claims the right for all proletarian women to having as many children as possible. The birth control episode has added to internal troubles already stirred by the Soviet Congress, Hervé and the Algerian war.

The 400,000 to 500,000 French manning the French Forces in Algeria are beginning to alter seriously the economic life of the nation. While the recall of the contingent has deprived the productive sector of 150,000 working men (to which should be added 75,000 to leave presently), numerous North-Africans are leaving to join the underground at home, depriving the mines particularly of valuable hard-working labor, and certain specialized fields, such as electronics, will suffer a severe shortage in skilled technical manpower and engineers. The ensuing cut in production would undoubtedly encourage inflation in the months to come, were it not for the very urgent need for funds experienced by the government. Despite traditional promises, the Socialist finance minister Paul Ramadier, who is reportedly looking for one hundred billion francs, is bound to increase taxes somehow. "How" has not yet been defined, but everybody is anxious.

Anxiety is not confined to this prospect of a new austerity. Pursuits against intellectuals and journalists accused of "demoralization" for urging immediate negotiations, inevit-

ably brought forth reproductions of the Socialist electoral platform which pledged just these very immediate negotiations. While not opposed to the government's decision to making war, Mendès-France purported that administrative reforms and political negotiation would be carried out simultaneously. Unable to enforce his opinion against Resident Minister Lacoste's opposition, Mendès resigned last month from the government, once again a solitary figure in French political life. On his side of the fence, if not behind him, are a number of groups and individuals, among whom are many active Catholics, who feel in the words of one of the communiqués issued to the press, that "force alone can solve nothing." Students opposed to the war went on a one day hunger strike, which not even they took very seriously. A more important sign of unrest was given by the split, this week, in the National French Students' Union, after a small majority of the Bureau voted to end all relations with the Moslem Algerian Students' Union, in view of the latter's decision to go on strike (no lectures, no exams) throughout France, Tunisia and Morocco. Throughout France, meetings and manifestations evidenced wide-spread emotion in view of the absence of leadership which so far has prevented Premier Guy Mollet from clearly expressing what it is which he expects to create in Algeria. So far he has only stated what he does not want it to be: Algeria, he said, should become neither an Arab state, nor a French province.

Two trials ended this month, unsatisfactorily, each one in its way. *L'Affaire Baranès*, or *Affaire des Fuites* (so complex that at the end of a quiz on the affair, a weekly assured its readers that if they got one third of the answers right, they were doing well), ended with seventeen to twenty years for Turpin and Labrusse. These two men, were found guilty of having passed on confidential defence information to Baranès, who, while acting as a Communist agent, seems to have been mainly an *agent provocateur* paid by the police. In condemning two obviously secondary protagonists, and in freeing Baranès and police commissioner Dides, the judgment voluntarily ignored the numerous obscure elements of the trial. First, the products of the "leaks" were "dressed-up" by Baranès and others so that they would look as if they had been in the hands of high Communist party officials. Furthermore, confusions of dates, the loss of key documents etc. all seem to point to the fact that at the root of the Affair there was the attempt to implicate the Mendès-France government, then in power, in complicity with the Communists.

The *Affaire des Fuites* involved too many protagonists and too many mysteries for any newspaper reader to come out with any clear idea of what went on. The other trial involved only three people: a young unmarried mother, her little girl, aged two, and her lover Jacques Algarron (who was not the child's father). Denise Labbé, the young mother, drowned her daughter in a laundry bucket, on what she claimed to have been her lover's demand, in order to give him a proof of her love. Algarron, aloof and apparently insensitive, denied her passionate tale, and accused her of having madly misunderstood him, without there being any proof of his moral implication in the drama except for Denise's accusation. The horror of the deed, the fatality of passionate love, the responsibility of the educated young man toward the simple girl, the Gidian *acte gratuit*, all these themes recurred and mixed to make of this trial the "procès du siècle." Jacques Algarron was condemned to twenty years of forced labor. Denise Labbé got life. Was Justice done?

Meanwhile, as I said, summer is close by. This means also that the theatre season is coming to an end, here in

Paris, and that plays and festivals are blossoming throughout France. More of this at a later date. Meanwhile, there are some good new films. The Cannes Film Festival has returned us Clouzot's exciting "Picasso," a full-length feature on pictorial creation. In it, we see, not Picasso, his life and loves, but the paintings he paints, as he paints them.

"Nuit et Brouillard" is a documentary on German concentration camps, also shown at Cannes despite the German Embassy's request that it be withheld. Made up of stills and movies of the period, supplemented with pictures recently taken on the camp sites, the restraint of its presentation, and the emotion created by the picture, brought triumph to its maker, Alain Resnais.

While the French are hoping that this summer will perhaps see the end of the Algerian war, many lesser hopes are stirred, many ideas are being discussed. Two law professors, Vedel and Duverger, are evolving projects for a reform of the constitution, involving a Prime Minister elected directly by the people . . . The Ministry of Health is trying to get M.D.'s to accept a standardization of their fees, so as to insure 80% reimbursement by Social Security . . . Widespread slogans are being made up, articles written and measures taken to encourage safer driving along French roads . . . Any one of the above would be a welcome change for the better.

DORIS FEBVRE

Orwell and Power-Hunger

► NOT ONLY in his fiction and his political essays, but also in his literary criticism George Orwell kept returning to the subject of power-hunger. In "Lear, Tolstoy and the Fool," one of the best essays in *Shooting an Elephant*, he concerns himself with a particularly subtle form of it. Tolstoy, says Orwell, had renounced wealth and rank, and had repudiated violence. But a man may do all this and still retain his desire for power. Thus Tolstoy would have liked to impose upon everyone else his own notions of morality and his own tastes in literature, music, and even cheeses. In his first and last novels Orwell deals with obvious forms of power: imperialism and totalitarianism; but his examination of power-hunger goes beyond the obvious. Most of the British in *Burmese Days* hate and despise the Burmese, but Flory, the hero of the book, likes and respects them. When an order comes down that for the sake of appearances an occasional native is to be allowed to join the British clubs, the differences between Flory and his compatriots raise a formidable moral question: will Flory dare to nominate his Burmese doctor friend?

Flory thinks that Elizabeth, newly arrived from England, will enable him to choose the difficult but decent course. For a long while he has wished for someone who would share his appreciation of the Burmese, and Elizabeth seems such a person. As a symbol of the values which Flory wants to communicate to Elizabeth, Orwell uses the green pigeons of Burma, so beautiful that Flory feels a pang when he looks up at them. But he and Elizabeth have their first moment of rapport when they shoot some of these lovely birds. Elizabeth can respond to beauty only by destroying it, although — in a reversal of Wilde's maxim — she loves the thing she kills: after she has shot the pigeon, she puts it to her breast and caresses it. And she wants to embrace Flory, who has also killed. For Elizabeth, sexual desire is bound up with power-hunger and power-worship. When Flory shoots a leopard, she is enormously impressed. There is a tacit understanding that he will propose and be accepted.

But when Flory takes Elizabeth to see a Burmese girl dance, she is shocked and angered. Sex may be either an exercise of power or a submission to power. That it should be a matter of mutual pleasure, that it should, moreover, be acknowledged and even celebrated in an art—all this seems simply monstrous to her. But if she is revolted by the sensuousness of the dancer, she is captivated by the aggressively virile cavalry lieutenant, Verral, who takes no nonsense from natives, women, or horses. Verral seduces Elizabeth and leaves her. But with Verral gone, Elizabeth still scorns Flory. His political opponents bribe his Burmese mistress to embarrass him in public. Elizabeth might have forgiven Flory for having a mistress. "But not after that shameful, squalid scene, and the devilish ugliness of his disfigured face in that moment. It was finally the birthmark that had damned him." Like Verral, Elizabeth lacks compassion for the weak, the handicapped, the ugly — in a word, lacks chivalry. At the end of *Burmese Days* Flory commits suicide; Elizabeth marries the deputy commissioner. "Her servants live in constant terror of her . . . She . . . fills with complete success the position . . . of a burra memsahib."

But in *Burmese Days* Orwell is dealing with power in an almost old-fashioned form. The Blimps who administered Burma were provincial, but their provincialism was a species of patriotism. If they had an extremely rough notion of justice, at least they had some scruples. Even their widely criticized hypocrisy had its good side: since they kept telling themselves that they were ruling the natives for their own good, they could not be as harsh as they might otherwise have been. Crossed up by contradictions and confusions, their exercise of power was unsystematic and sometimes downright clumsy.

As Orwell learned about the old-fashioned form of power from his experience as a policeman in Burma, he learned about the new-fashioned form from his experience as a soldier in Spain. In *Homage to Catalonia* he tells how he went to Spain to write newspaper articles on the Civil War, but joined the Republican militia almost immediately. Before long he discovered that he was involved in a war within a war, a struggle between the Trotskyite trade union forces and the "official" communist forces. He nearly lost his life fighting the fascists with the first group (the bullet which went through his throat just missed his trachea), only to find himself accused of aiding the fascists by the second. In *Animal Farm* the pig called Snowball has a similar experience: after fighting bravely against the human beings in the Battle of the Cowshed, he is charged with acting as an agent of Mr. Jones. Snowball is, of course, Trotsky, and *Animal Farm* is the story of the Russian Revolution and the triumph of Stalinism. Orwell tells the story with such remarkable wit, clarity, and economy that *Animal Farm* has been compared with *Gulliver's Travels*. Orwell has, in fact, something of Swift's skill, but he fails in *Animal Farm* to do what Swift would have done: he does not horrify the reader. *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, although it fails as a work of art, does not fail to horrify. In *Homage to Catalonia* totalitarianism is sketched on a relatively small scale; in *Animal Farm* it is clothed in the garment of allegory; in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* it is seen close up, naked, and detailed. Beside the totalitarians of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* the imperialists of *Burmese Days* look like men who have just drifted into the business of despotism and bungled it badly. They are sometimes as confused in their own motives as they are muddled in their methods. But the tyrants of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* not only know exactly how to go about getting power; they also know exactly why they want it.

"Power," says O'Brien, a member of the Inner Party of the super-state of Oceania, "is not a means; it is an end . . .

the object of power is power." In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* Orwell has pressed the principles of totalitarianism to their logical conclusion. From the beginning, totalitarian governments have distracted their people from domestic shortcomings by means of foreign wars or the threat of them, justifying a lack of butter by an abundance of guns. But in Oceania the guns are more than a justification: they keep the machines busy without raising the average standard of living. "In the long run," the rulers of Oceania have discovered, "a hierarchical society was only possible on a basis of poverty and ignorance." Since no other means of keeping the masses poor and ignorant works as well as war does, war is continuous. None of the three super-states wishes to win the war. The manufacture of atomic bombs is busy-work; their use against an enemy is the thinnest of theoretical possibilities. Thus, "The war is waged by each ruling group against its subjects, and the object of war is . . . to keep the structure of society intact."

But although the members of the Inner Party of Oceania perceive that to defeat Eastasia or Eurasia would be no more desirable than to be defeated by them, they dedicate their lives to the conquest of the other super-states. This contradiction is made possible by the technique which Orwell has modeled upon actual Communist practice and which he calls "doublethink," the ability to hold contradictory ideas in the mind and believe in both of them. To do this is, of course, to deny the very nature of things. But the Party does not care a fig for the nature of things. In the old days, when wars could be won and lost and surrender might be unconditional, no ruling class could ignore reality. But since victory and defeat have ceased to be the conclusions of war, the Party need not bother its head about reality — except to tell its subjects not to take it seriously. To reject the evidence of their senses is the first duty of the right-thinking citizens of Oceania. When Winston Smith says that the universe exists independently of the human mind, "No," says O'Brien. "Reality is inside the skull." More horrible to Winston than O'Brien's brand of solipsism (a sort of collective solipsism of Party skulls) is O'Brien's brand of existentialism. "You are assuming," he tells Winston when Winston suggests that the subjects of Oceania will not tolerate the Party's rule forever, "that . . . something called human nature . . . will be outraged . . . and will turn against us. But we create human nature."

Winston and his mistress, Julia, have turned against the Party and joined what they thought was a conspiracy against it and what is really a trap. Expecting from the start that they would be caught, they feel that there is at least one consolation: "They [the Party] could lay bare . . . everything you had done or thought or said, but the inner heart . . . remained impregnable." The final horror of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is that the Party does have power to get at the inner heart. With what O'Brien regards as primitive naivete, earlier tyrannies concerned themselves with overt acts. The Party, having refined the theory and practice of power, concerns itself with thoughts and feelings. "We shall squeeze you empty and then we shall fill you with ourselves," he tells Winston. The Party has, indeed, contrived machinery to do this.

The alteration of Winston out of all physical and mental recognition has been made possible by powerful and subtle scientific instruments and techniques. On the whole, however, the Party has ignored the tremendous possibilities for scientific advances. Naturally, it is not interested in the capacities of technology for increasing wealth and comfort, since it wants its subjects to remain poor and miserable. But it has more than an indifference to the applications of

science; it has a hostility to the whole idea of science. As a current in the thought of Oceania, science has therefore come to an end. The Party must impose upon its subjects the notion that there is no such thing as a world of objective fact. And it is precisely this world that science insists upon.

Even if Orwell had wished to, he could not have worked out the details of another *Brave New World*, since he lacked Aldous Huxley's extensive knowledge of the biological and other sciences. But if he had no particular technical knowledge of the various branches of science, he had a shrewd understanding of its roots. Whatever the materials the scientist deals with, his method is in large part empirical. And this method is the enemy of all such pernicious nonsense as the "biology" of the Nazis, the "ethics" of the Communists, and the "metaphysics" of Oceania. Orwell himself was nothing if not empirically-minded. Of course, science is not as empirical as it once was. Physics has become abstract to a degree that would have been unbelievable in an age when an eminent researcher said that he really could not understand any theory until he had made a model to demonstrate it. Today, who shall decide when theoretical physicists disagree? But in idealizing science as empiricism Orwell shows himself, as he does elsewhere, to be a somewhat old-fashioned thinker. His science is really that of Thomas Henry Huxley, not Aldous.

Hence, although *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has been included in bibliographies of science fiction, it has no business in such a category. Its subject is the power politics of today, not the science of tomorrow; its purpose is to shock, not to prophesy. Any reader of popular science magazines could do as much with TV and truth serum as Orwell does in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, so little does he trouble himself with the details of technology in Oceania. What chiefly struck him about the modern world was not that men have invented new machinery to break up the bodies and minds of men, but that some men should not hesitate to use it on others. The horror is not in the new means, but in the new willingness to use any means, ancient or modern, to the ends of power. What finally forces Winston to betray Julia is the threat of being attacked by rats, a stratagem not from the future, but from Imperial China. It is not what has been added to the modern world that makes it so dreadful as much as what has been taken away: the respect for individual human lives. Only the disappearance of this respect could have made the extent of modern violence possible.

RICHARD J. VOORHEES.

The Saskatchewan Archives

► DURING THE LAST five years pioneer residents of Saskatchewan have had an unique opportunity to preserve their recollections of early days of settlement. Since 1950 the Saskatchewan Archives has circulated a total of ten questionnaires dealing with topics covering a wide range of pioneer living, including housing, local government, diet, schools, churches, recreation and social life, farming experiences, and folklore.

More than 1,100 early settlers of the province have answered one or more of the questionnaires. These answers provide a valuable fund of information respecting pioneer expedients, early impressions and aspirations, difficulties and pleasures, tales of pioneer picnics and Christmas parties, tragedy and near-tragedy from prairie fires, the back-breaking task of clearing bush in northern areas, and the trials of pioneer homemaking with little for a home. Books which settlers brought with them, and magazines and news-

papers which they read are listed, the organization of early associations is described, and we learn what songs were sung and what stories told, the sayings, superstitions, and folklore customs of early settlers who came from widely separated homelands.

Originally intended as source material for future years further removed from the pioneer scene, the questionnaires have proven their value even for present-day research. In connection with the Golden Jubilee activities of 1955 they were referred to for details of pioneer life. Individuals undertaking to write a history of their respective towns or communities made use of questionnaires completed by pioneers of their area, and the magazine *Saskatchewan History*, published by the Saskatchewan Archives, carried articles based on questionnaire answers.

In addition to their use as a guide to the general pattern of pioneer living, they have drawn the attention of specialists in their respective areas of interest. A home economist interested in early prairie houses and furnishings looks to the completed housing questionnaires not only for descriptive material but also as a guide to interesting pioneer homes still in existence, and to unusual or rare pieces of furniture. A student in plant ecology enquired about the farming questionnaires, which tell of the first appearance of various weeds in the province. Librarians are interested in the reading material available in early days, and folklore and recreation questionnaires have been examined to determine whether, among the songs mentioned as being sung by early settlers, folk songs of the prairie region might be discovered. A professor at the University of Saskatchewan working on a study of local government in the North-West Territories expects to use questionnaire answers to supplement official sources of information.

It is in supplementing other sources of information that the questionnaires will be of the greatest value. They were not intended to be exhaustive or to call for information which can be secured more completely from other sources such as statutes, official publications, and statements, minute books, etc. Their purpose is to provide those details available only from the persons concerned: the aspects of pioneer life not included in official sources, the variety of personal experiences, and the feelings, attitudes and impressions respecting large and small events of the time.

The pioneer questionnaires represent but one aspect of the work of the Saskatchewan Archives. It is, strictly speaking, scarcely an archival function at all, since it is creating documents for preservation rather than merely securing custody

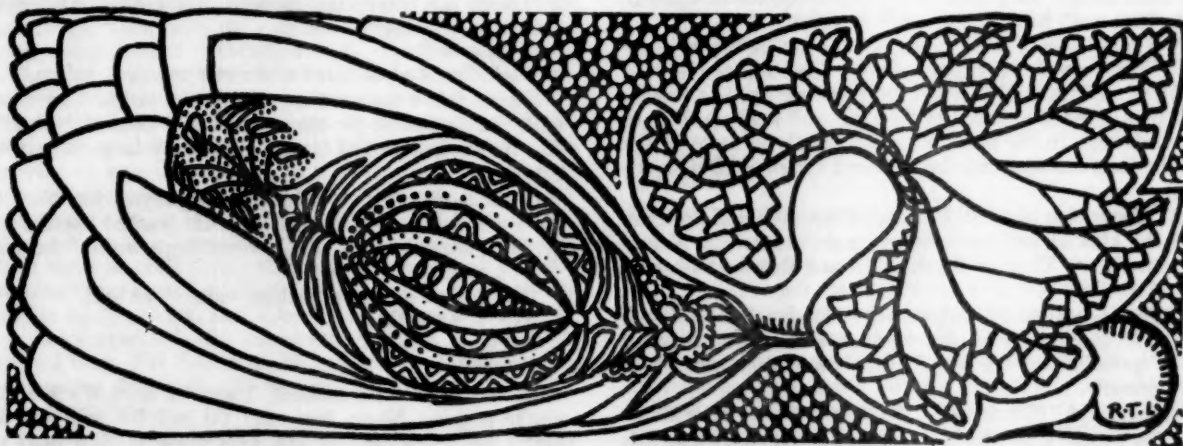
of those which have come into existence in the course of everyday events. It is the latter, of course, which forms the main collection of the Saskatchewan Archives. Government records of the North-West Territories prior to the formation of Saskatchewan and Alberta, although incomplete, nevertheless reflect the activities and development of an evolving governmental structure. Records and correspondence from various government departments and agencies of later years likewise tell their story of administrative activity. Of particular significance are the papers of early premiers and cabinet ministers of the province.

But the history of a province is made only in part by its government. In their ordinary everyday living the people of the province contribute their portion of its history, as indicated by the questionnaires already mentioned, as well as in letters, diaries, personal papers, and reminiscences. Minute books and other records of organizations which have been presented to the Archives, provide information respecting group activities of the people of the province.

Microfilm has been utilized where bulk otherwise would present a problem, or where the original records were available only on loan, as with newspapers and local government records. Original records of the oldest cities, towns, villages, and rural municipalities have been filmed and constitute an important body of local government records for the Territorial period and the first years of the province. Newspapers available on microfilm include most of the papers published in the Territories prior to 1905 and all weekly papers published since 1943, as well as a certain number of others published in the intervening years.

In addition to preserving records and making them available to research workers the Saskatchewan Archives has endeavored to make them available to the general public. The magazine *Saskatchewan History* has been published by the Archives since 1948, and in its three issues a year presents research articles, reminiscences of early days, documents, book reviews, and other features related to Saskatchewan and its development. Publications designed for reference purposes include a historical directory of Saskatchewan newspapers and a political directory of cabinet ministers, members of the Saskatchewan assembly and others holding office, and election data.

Archives activities in the province are directed by the Saskatchewan Archives Board which consist of two members appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, two appointed by the University Board of Governors, and the Legislative Librarian, with the Provincial Archivist as Secretary. The Government-University co-operation is empha-



sized further by the existence of two depositories: one in Regina, where contact may be maintained with the various departments of the Government, and the other at the University in Saskatoon, where the bulk of the material is kept, and thus made readily accessible to University staff and students engaged in research. Through its activities the Archives Board endeavors to carry out the belief stated in 1946 in its first annual report that Archives "are one of the 'natural resources' of the whole people, which have to be cared for and preserved for the benefit of future generations as well as for the use of contemporary society".

EVELYN EAGER.

Mostly Sunny Today

David Roberts

► "THE RADIO SAID cloudy and warmer," Liz said. "But no rain. The kids want to go on a picnic."

"I thought they forecast rain for the weekend," Norma said.

"Not at noon," Liz said. She reached and lifted the basket full of dry wash, balancing it on her hip. "Course a picnic is no fun for me. Not with four of them running around."

"No," Norma said, vaguely, looking beyond her neighbor toward the horizon. A dark patch of clouds hung there, unmoving.

"Well, I've got to get busy with these," Liz said. "Would you and Ralph like to come over Sunday night?"

"All right," Liz said. "You can let me know." She turned with the basket and began to move away. As she reached her own yard she waved without looking back.

Norma watched the sky. The black mass on the horizon didn't move. It's only Friday afternoon, she thought. It can be here and be gone by tomorrow. It can be miles away by Sunday. Sunday could be bright and sunny and warm.

Back in the house Norma fixed lunch for the kids and then supervised the initial stages of their naps. When the house was quiet she went downstairs and picked up the scattered toys in the living room. Then she sat on the couch with the morning newspaper. As she reread the weather forecast in the upper left hand corner her heart began to pound again. I can't stop that, she thought. Everytime I see it or hear it it starts and I can't stop it. And Ralph will be home soon. Moving hurriedly through the newspaper she studied the radio schedule. But she knew there were no news broadcasts at this time. She placed the paper on the floor and lay back against the pillow. It will stop soon, she thought. If I lay here until he comes in it will be gone.

She could hear a lawn mower somewhere. A car went by with its gears being shifted slowly. Upstairs one of the children moaned softly. After a while she sat up. She waited, listening. Then she walked to the stairs and went up them to the bedroom. In the room she stood quietly in front of the mirror for a moment and then retraced her steps to close the door.

At dinner that night Ralph handed out the usual presents. For the kids he had toy revolvers and holsters, for Norma a cosmetic set. They all thanked him and then he told them about his trip.

"Monday was bad," Ralph said. "Monday I couldn't sell anybody. But by Wednesday we were in business." A broad smile spread across his face. "I got three new contracts," he said proudly.

"Wonderful," Norma said. "That's wonderful, Ralph."

"You should have seen the look on the old man's face this afternoon," Ralph said. "Was he pleased?"

"I'll bet he was," Norma said.

"And you know what we're going to do with the commissions?" Ralph said, speaking to the children. "We're going to buy Mommy a new dress. That's what we're going to do." He smiled across the table at his wife. Norma smiled back.

And after, when the kids were in bed, in the living room Ralph said: "Did Pete call?"

"No," Norma said.

"That's funny," Ralph said. "I guess I better call him." He started to get up.

"Ralph," Norma said.

"Yes?"

"Ralph," she said. "Ralph, do you have to play golf tomorrow?"

"Well honey, you know that Pete and I play every weekend."

"Yes but do you have to play tomorrow? And Sunday?"

"Well, no," Ralph said, disappointed. "What did you have in mind?"

"Oh, nothing," Norma said. "I just thought we might do something or other. Together. Or with the kids."

"Gee I'd hate to run out on Pete," Ralph said. "Are you sure he didn't call?"

"He didn't call," Norma said.

"Well I'll call him. Say listen if you have something planned I can easily—"

"I didn't have anything planned," Norma said.

Ralph looked at her. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "You look strange."

"Nothing is the matter. Go ahead and call Pete."

"Well, I will," Ralph said, watching her. "But if anything is wrong—"

"Nothing is wrong," Norma said. "Do you want to go over to the Billings Sunday night?"

"Sure," Ralph said. He went into the dining room to telephone. Norma sat on the couch, staring at the window.

In the bathroom, scrubbing his teeth with the toothbrush, Ralph could hear Norma moving about the bedroom. He finished with the toothbrush and rinsed his mouth with water loudly. He stared at himself in the mirror over the basin. "Three contracts," he said softly, and smiled.

After looking in on the children, after covering the oldest boy, Ralph walked into the bedroom and saw Norma. She was on her knees beside the bed and when she realized he was in the room she looked up, startled.

"What are you doing?" Ralph asked.

"Nothing," Norma said.

"I never saw you do that before," Ralph said. "What were you doing, praying?"

"I guess so."

"Well, that's good. But I never saw you do it before."

Norma didn't say anything. She got in bed and lay there while Ralph wound the alarm clock and climbed in beside her. He reached up and turned off the wall lamp. He sighed heavily.

In the dark he said: "What are you praying for, Norm?" He could feel her shiver beside him. He reached out and put his arms around her. "I think something's wrong," he said.

"It's nothing," she said.

"Did somebody say something today?" he said.

"No. It's not that."

"Well, what is it?"

"Nothing."

He was quiet for a moment. Then: "I think it's fine that you're praying, Norm, but what the hell for, will you tell me? I don't like the way you went about it. And what are you shaking like that for?"

"I can't help it," Norma said. "It's my heart. It won't stop beating like that."

Ralph moved and turned on the light, sitting up.

"What's the matter with you?" he said. She looked up at him, her eyes wide and frightened.

"It's nothing, believe me," she said. "I'm just tired I guess."

He looked down at her for a moment. Then he snapped off the light, nestling into the bed. From the depths of the pillow he said: "You've been working too hard. Damn those kids. You ought to take it easier."

And she listened to her heart, thinking: It won't do any good, it won't rain tomorrow, it will be sunny and mild and Sunday will be the same with the sun out and him with Pete playing eighteen or maybe thirty-six and coming back Sunday night to go over to the Billings to play bridge and then gone on Monday again.

And later, in that grey area before the actual dawn she sat up and spoke to him, pleading: "Do you have to play golf today?" The sound of his laborious but satisfied breathing permeated the room. He can't hear me, she thought. He can't hear me now. Dear God—

Radio and Television

► HAVING LISTENED at desultory random to radio and watched television with only a chancy loyalty in recent weeks, I shall have to draw my comments out of the two components which are in least favor with contemporary critics—memory and desire.

As to memory: very clearly in my mind is the first magical test of listening to the radio in the early nineteen-twenties. It was then an acutely individual experience which flowed from crystal set to earphones, and thence into the private ear of the listener, summoning music or a stranger's speech out of nothingness. One had to take turns with the earphones and was therefore made conscious of the painfulness of time and its limits. Under such conditions the mere act of listening demanded an almost total yielding from the listener, body as well as mind. There was little concern with program when transmission so fully satisfied the wonder and need of the moment.

Later the discovery of the loudspeaker made radio more social. Youth learned to dance to its tunes and was presumably kept off the streets. Still later, the depression forced youth to be more thoughtful because it was more impecunious, and it became the thing to have friends in for tea on Sunday afternoons, listen to the symphony and mount leaf collections. Then came the war, and anyone with intellectual pretensions listened faithfully to CBC Sunday night plays. Those were the days when Andrew Allen first exalted around himself a bright nimbus of playwrights and actors. Among the former, Len Peterson stood out as the native writer who was most seriously interested in interpreting groups and types, and who depicted the exceptional individual against this background of groups—and in such a way as to throw a brighter light on both. The allegorical quality of *Burlap Bags* will be long remembered by all who heard it—and I don't think Kafka's *Trial*, which was televised recently from Montreal, surpassed it. *Burlap Bags* had a local concern despite its generality, and it is still occasionally referred to by stenographers in the community kitchen of the office where I work. *The Trial* was also referred to—"imagine anyone burning their T.V. tube for that"—with a complete lack of vindictiveness.

I think particularly of Peterson because neither Kafka, nor Lister Sinclair, nor Mac Shoub, nor anyone I can think

of, has replaced or equalled him as a communicant of our Canadian culture. Other Canadians have the technique of putting across a play. They are conversant with the dramatic medium and move freely, even richly, within it. But they are not—with the exception of Kafka who shouldn't be listed with the Canadians—inwardly convinced and possessed by their themes. Their concerns do not happen to be of universality sufficient to make them artists rather than craftsmen. Peterson did have this universality.

It was therefore disappointing to hear Peterson's commentary on the televised feature, *The St. Lawrence Story*. I only watched half of it because there was such a disparity between commentary and camera, with word pulling one way and picture another, and with the narrator sounding as if he just couldn't wait to get it over with. To the producer must go the myrtles for this deficiency, for somehow he failed to integrate sight with sense. As for Peterson, I wondered if he had been turning his pen to public relations recently. I can't think why else his script would have the ingratiating jollity and false good humor one associates with that specious school of writing. It is always better to err on the side of over-estimating the intelligence of an audience. Audiences have a way of living up to what is expected of them and are far from the passive vessels the advertisers believe in and the educators fear.

I can never get over my astonishment each time I hear it said that television viewing is a passive activity, if such a paradoxical expression can be admitted. Almost no other activity engages the faculties so completely; the viewer belongs to the set with eyes and ears. Without the eyes, hands are useless. If he expects to enjoy Sid Caesar he must yield to Caesar's imaginative comic values which have their own frame of reference. To appreciate Holiday Ranch, he must push aside his intellectual scruples and allow the home-felt delightful corniness of this group to possess him. If he wants to occupy his time with Shirley Harmer, he may do so, but he will own greater adaptive powers than I lay claim to. With Elvis Presley, whom a friend of mine describes as a juvenile delinquent on the loose, he may glimpse, with pleasurable shudder, a certain deliberate corruption of the primitive which is not uncharacteristic of our society, and which has its own demonic semblance of joy. It is not necessary to be always in a state of grace.

The thing about television is its absorbing enslaving quality. For that reason radio, which leaves the listener free for other action, will always maintain at least a housewifely following. I don't know when else I would get my mending and ironing done, and dishwashing wouldn't be the same without Rawhide.

Now as to desire: I have long cherished a hope that someone would produce Dryden's *Aureng-Zebe* on radio or television, and that Bud Knapp would read from Rilke's *Duino Elegies* on Anthology some Tuesday night.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON.

NFB

► DOCUMENTARY FILM MAKERS have only themselves to blame when they find that films without commentaries are looked on as being a little odd. For so long have they over-crowded the soundtrack with a commentator talking rapidly and without a moment's pause that when a visual study is shown (in which the camera alone tells a story) some audiences feel uncomfortable, consider the film incomplete ("the music should be louder") and find the golden silence something of a strain ("is there something wrong with the sound? I can't hear the commentator"). They then consider these factors as faults which lie not within



THE BIRD'S NEST—JAMES AGRELL SMITH

Housing Development

Development

Bath, Bendix, freezer and the floor-piped heating—
And then the walls go up
Like petals round the treasured sporophylls
And draw the city lives, the young, the ascending.
This crop of the raw fields in even rows
Equally spaced, of four types, colors recurring
Is up in autumn. Here there is no autumn
Below the windy sky, no fallen leaf
From only the roots mechanical that carry
Water, waste to and fro under the flourishing,
Under the young lives planning round the rooftrees.

Action springs hopeful here below the sky,
Raw wind and fitful sun work on the diapers,
The women move easily towards increase of bulges,
The children trundle in the substantial mud.

Business has blossomed all at once these lives
That are sustained to open as a crop,
Monopolize fields and flourish to their own ends.

First Spring

Where it wasn't yesterday
The wet shrub nudges into land,
Fastening itself here to stay
With the grass and the small tree—
Every green has come by hand.

By hand at evening when the sun
Shines from the bodies of the men,
And they must circle themselves with green
Sown, planted, watered to be men,
To be acceptable must show green
Round their love and round between
One another now it's spring.

In these selected ways the green
That lived the fields is back again.
A birdbath courts the air, tiptoes
The children. Man is high, but oh
Must keep green with him where he grows.

Our Shells

These houses our shells in the almighty sea:
Day is now off and the great glass of space
Against which we plaster like birds is here presented.

I have drawn aside the curtain to let the light
Of ancient Arcturus upon a little face
So new from the womb that my arms are a world.

In this pattern of silent homes and heavenly bodies
The walls have been pushed out to a vast wandering—
How many stars to lead me to this child?

Only the constellations house with fables
Like brilliant parables upon church windows,
Making of night a high roof for the spirit.

Under the roofless, Neighbors, we are now
Far away, far off in our darkened places,
Our diagram of houses like constellations

Not telling us truly. I hold this tiny child
In his world of unemerged senses and fear of falling
To the light of Arcturus to make him homeless.

Dorothy Roberts.

Truth is a Hapless Wanderer

Imagine and extend our mutual game's
futility of progress
learning to never love the singled decency
nor fire wise flames of blame
on massed and massive Man
who breeds self-hate's destroying fear:

yes, lyricize the stagnancy
and retrogression
teetering with blinded alley's advance:

rhyme fabled heaven with hell
in Pollyanna's tomorrow
worshipping manufactured sin and guilt
with bridled passion.

And even then put down how love
is all that's left and it must make
the next man laugh and ease some pain
and spell the words that say:
as striving still goes on and on
without horse blinders. Lee Richard Hayman.

Eye of Dusk

Light mellows to dusk on stucco wall.
Shingled roof dulls to jade.
Hour of the true sight, the half-closed eye,
The deep down, the abiding
Telescoped by the growing dark.
Gone the chimera of the too wide eye,
Voices crying for more or less than food,
Crying in the bright sun for more or less than sun.
Stilled the voluble, the dissonant,
Pursuance for its own sake in the name of progress.

Now is the mellow, the good view
Of the darkened eye.
So seen is seen the fundamental,
The changing constant,
Rocks worn to round again,
Winds furling to unfurl,
Seasons ebbing to flow,
This is the advancing cycle,
The true escape, the real real
Expressed in the calm phrase,
The quiet terms of dusk. Myrtle Reynolds Adams.

Time of the Dawn of Time

Paleolithic times
are you so far from my ear
that I no longer hear the caves burst with laughter?
Time of the dawn of time
Time of fossil happiness
in a limestone world.
The flint of memory whistles above my head.
Time of tomahawks, of tomtoms and drums
deafening the sparkling spring of silence
Time of needles, ferocious time of hammers
sunk in the sands of solitude.
May a sphinx arise more human than love!
The eyes will be able to recover the ways of peace
amid a forest of mirrors
Where despair is a lie with a million masks.

The little girl was barefoot in the melting ice
Her heart like a lantern.

Gilles Hénault (Translated from the French
by Jean Beaupré and Gael Turnbull)

themselves (for failing to appreciate a camera study) but in the making of the film. The only way this unfortunate attitude can be corrected is by eliminating the commentary as much as possible in all films, and making more pictures with on-screen dialogue where necessary but without commentators.

The Shepherd (written and directed by Julian Biggs) was obviously inspired by *Corral*. While *Corral* was a successful film and told its story clearly without recourse to spoken words I always had the feeling that it was somewhat contrived as it did not seem likely that the cowboy would go through the actions he did without saying a word, either to the other hands or to the horse. But it seems perfectly natural for the shepherd, working alone high in the mountains of British Columbia, not to say anything, although even he might be expected to utter out loud an encouraging word to his dogs and the sheep.

The film opens with the shepherd in his tent at early dawn, and then shows glimpses of him tending the sheep, having lunch, tracking down a wolf as a distant thunder storm darkens the sky, and finally settling down in his rough tent again with the coming of dusk. It does not tell us anything about the shepherd, what he thinks or feels. It is possible that were his thoughts spoken aloud on the soundtrack, as in *Paul Tomkowicz*, we should perhaps learn more about him; but this probably was not the intention of the film's director any more than it was Colin Low's intention of revealing the character of the cowboy in *Corral*. But even in this purely visual portrayal, the shepherd emerges as a quiet, likeable old fellow, a little short of breath after chasing the wolf, not too strong, but reliable and obliging.

This picture does not contain the drama or conflict of *Corral*, as the shepherd experiences none other than the passing incident of the wolf. It is a gentle film, a simple study nicely photographed and edited, in black and white, in which the camera roams the mountains, searches the sky and conveys the spacious air of the surroundings and the almost unnatural quiet of a life completely removed from the mechanical world of today. The score by Eldon Rathburn, mainly for flute, brings a final touch of classic simplicity on the theme of man alone with nature and seemingly in close proximity to the heavens.

In brief: *The River Indus* (20 mins. produced by Pakistan Productions) should never have been taken by the Board for distribution. It is an atrociously-coloured and tiresome description of the River Indus as it flows through Pakistan. *Identity* (30 minutes) has the distinction of being the first 16mm. film to be photographed in Cinemascope. The film is a tour of Nova Scotia, is totally lacking in imagination, and fails to take advantage of this anamorphic lens wide screen system. It was produced by the Nova Scotia Tourist Department and was mainly photographed from the air. *Children of the Mountains* is a softly-photographed, picturesque, but superficial Swiss picture showing children working on farms and in villages in Switzerland. *Eye Witness No. 78* (10 mins.) shows the members of Montreal's Theatre du Nouveau Monde at the Second International Festival of Drama in Paris presenting Molière's plays, and, in a second subject, seal hunting in Newfoundland. These topics are well-photographed and the first is pleasingly presented. The second however, particularly in scenes showing baby seals being clubbed to death, is written and narrated as though such killing was great sport. *Eye Witness No. 82* (10 mins.) also goes to Paris to introduce a few of the 400 Canadian artists living there. The second part is an amusing depiction of holiday makers at a "dude" ranch in Alberta. This picture illustrates two things: that Canada's west would be ideal for the making of films about outdoor life, and that such tourist attractions as the ranch might well be extended to make

Canada's provinces as attractive as the U.S.A., to those travellers who regularly cross the border.

GERALD PRATLEY.

Correspondence

The Editor:

It's at once instructive and entertaining to see how our critics are apt to run after one another. No sooner had A. J. M. Smith shown the way with his review praising the Montreal poet, Irving Layton, than lesser lights have hastened to follow. The same Mr. Layton whose frequent publications until a short time ago were dismissed as dreary, derivative or disgusting.

Mr. Layton is a poet who has evolved a lively personal style in more ways than one and whose stature, while not so great as now claimed for him, is still considerable. It is certainly a triumph of industry.

But I suspect it's not on his poetic merits that he's now acclaimed but on his vigor as a propagandist. For once the critics are completely on the defensive and are positively cowed into applause. Mr. Layton moves to the attack with coarseness and vituperation, massacring the opposition with coprological verse, naming names and sparing none. Let the man who ventures the mildest criticism look to his reputation or lawyer.

This letter is in part inspired by Millar MacLure's review in the May issue of the *Forum*. It is masterly in its euphemism. Mr. Layton's frequent and rather suspicious boasting of sexual powers, his intimate revelations, are passed over with the phrase: "some of the erotic poems have a pleasing Ovidian flavor". His dislike or dismissal of other human values is noted, but Mr. MacLure commends this as unsentimentality. The poet lacks true passion but possesses an admirable energy, often an admirable technique and occasional humor. The critic speaks of the "passionate consistency with which the poet relates all that he observes to himself," but that's something else entirely.

It's odd that Mr. MacLure quotes a poem, "Chokecherries," as illustrative of his praise, for this poem is trivia, wherein a phony metaphysics is strung on a very thin thread. He could have quoted any of a score of poems far superior and more applicable. "Chokecherries" is on a par with the "ah, but the Mayblossom" guff common in nature verse, and is rather reminiscent of Hilda Doolittle.

As typical of the propaganda success which Mr. Layton has made so much his own, one may refer to Louis Dudek, friend or rather doppelgänger, whose own poetry has now partaken of the more unfortunate aspects of the master. Or to other, more youthful disciples, one of whom, I recall, cried in verse on Mr. Dudek to hitch-hike with him to Mexico there to "wrestle with mermaids for their virginity." How?

It's all good fun, admirable to observe. There's been nothing like it in Canadian letters in years. I urge only that critics occasionally stand up to Mr. Layton or there may be no more balm in Gilead.

A. G. Christopher, Ile Bigras, Que.

(Mr. MacLure was not available for comment at the time of going to press—Ed.)

Turning New Leaves

► I DON'T KNOW what a young poet expects from a reviewer, but, as I looked through *Poets 56**, a collection of poems by ten widely-assorted Canadians under thirty, it

*POETS 56: TEN YOUNGER ENGLISH-CANADIANS; Contact Press, 28 Mayfield Ave., Toronto; pp. unnumbered; \$1.00.

occurred to me that what a reviewer ought to give him and his prospective readers is a pretty direct and specific view of what one observer thinks his poems are doing, rather than mere expressions of distaste and appreciation. What the reviewer thinks a poem is doing may surprise the poet, but at least there is something substantial to grab hold of with delight or anger, and, who knows, the poet may even decide that his poem is really different from the one he remembered. So, in what follows, although I certainly don't intend to exclude evaluation, my main purpose is to describe (so far as space and perception allow) what seems to be going on in each poet's world.

Avi Boxer's poems often have a quiet resolution at the end, and he likes sweetness as well as bravado, but most of the time the reader is being assaulted with big, splashy comparisons ("streetcars unzipper/huge metropolitan mouths," "head spinning like a helicopter's propeller," "takes the church to bed/like an enormous nursing bottle") and a coarse, sweeping rhetoric (Quebec is "padlocked within a Catholic jacket/where cultural abortionists flourish . . ."). Even the smallest gestures have a youthful swagger; and the wit or word-play is likely to be obvious and brassy:

"Forgive me my darling
If I, a layman
in search of absolution,
believed your religious conceits
took my vows and entered
your unconventional friary-flesh."

But, if the line-by-line writing makes big gestures, the poem as a whole often does not. The totality may have a subtlety, or at least a tentativeness, that contrasts interestingly with the billboard bluntness of the poetic texture (*Eulogy, Respite Finem, Disarmament* and others, although not all to the same degree). The language doubts as well as flaunts itself, and the bravado is partly a recognition that the experience is beyond language.

"To touch, to kiss, to burst
your young questioning body
into an everlasting
definition
is not within the humility
of my conceits."

Perhaps Mr. Boxer's stallion is a good image for his poems. This "proud and dangerous" beast

"with unfurled mane
rears his challenging forelegs in greeting
cautiously approaches my extended hand,
absurdly nibbles the sugar cube."

William Robert Fournier's contribution consists of one short poem (the quite effective *Incident with Rain*) and two longer ones (*Juxtaposition* and *Death of a Saint*). His universe is apocalyptic or at least prophetic; this world and the next face one another over a narrow abyss. The setting is today, but the combatants have hardened into their final form, and the end of the world, or at least martyrdom, is possible. In *Juxtaposition* (to which I shall restrict myself) Mr. Fournier's heavy adjective-laden lines roll over the target and crush it without mercy and almost without humor. Life is flattened into the sort of caricature that it will resemble in the fullness of time, or for the fanatic at any time. Here is the Sun Life Building at five o'clock:

"Five o'clock: the bastion's mortgaged bowels
Disgorge their faceless, nameless horde:
Specious, secluded votaries released

From active, indemnified devotions
Into the infield, underwritten square . . ."

Even the "Michelangelic Temple" which faces it has been presented with a similar armor-plated rigidity:

"Cornerstone of great mystery
On the axis of hydrogenetic time,
The otiose edge of his distension;
Adipose wings of militant solicitude
Gather the bedlam Children of God . . ."

Obviously things are due to blow up, and, as the poem nears to its end, Mr. Fournier imagines the shaking of the sepulchre, the rising of the dead, and the shattering of "the hydrogenic rockpile/To resurgent respectable dust." The reader may find all this pretentious and overwritten; on the other hand, he may experience the shock of recognition.

Peter Dale Scott writes fugitive, "rose-garden" poetry. Like Strether of *The Ambassadors* or the Eliot of *La Figlia che Piange*, he dwells amid the half-lost, the half-realized: "That peace, that love, we neither lost nor found," an Arcady for which there is never the right time nor the right place (I am also reminded of Browning's *Youth and Art*), and which is recalled in "vestigial souvenirs":

"What is that song I sometimes hear at noon
After the factory whistles, when the children skip,
When the old women come like oxen, simple tunes?"

Mr. Scott's world is haunted by a Beatrice of changing identity but unchanging essence, who lies in her distant sleeping bag on the cool hillside at night, untouched by the desire of the lover who presides over her; who sees the ocean for the first time, accompanied, on the one hand, by the poet's useless words and smiles and, on the other, by the "leering repartee" of "that bawdy sea-dog sun"; and who finally eludes the union of innocence and experience in a series of three anti-climactic scenes.

"One night you bared, beneath the howling eaves,
Your sorry life, until your tiny voice
Stilled like a candle the shaking world; you went
Asleep then as white as a moonlit sarcophagus.
And that same peace had overcome my will."

These poems are charmingly wrought, but a bit tenuous, with the dying fall of late empire or *fin de siècle*. The familiar themes need to be made new; they remain poignant but faded.

Mortimer Schiff's poems swing between the poles of blood and brain, geometry and sex, stone and green, in a sort of dialectic which is most impressive when least pretentious. *Urgings* and *Bird Nest with Young* are too thick and elaborate for what they seem to be telling us about the nature of man. But what may seem obvious when filled out, may improve when the statements are more compressed and cryptic, as in the frequently delightful *Poems for J.*:

"in those
curious moments
when I felt
your love for me
complete
did not the
magnitude
of doubtless mine
imperceptibly
diminish."

John Reeves' set of tributes to Pablo Casals is an extremely adept exercise in the rhetoric of Auden. By means

of it he tries to capture the easy and difficult poise of Casals himself, the simplicity that involves so much. Sometimes the duplication of mannerisms is obtrusive. We cannot miss, for example, the Auden genitive ("The awkward discipline of Praise," "The supreme exposition of silence," "the necessary habit of concern"), the Auden simile (Casals "spent his courage like a pulse," "bore/Supremacy around like a piece of luggage," and "it was his particular property/To gather goodness round him like a town"), and Auden's carefully calculated flatnesses ("broke down and cried like kids"). Moreover, since Auden's mannerisms are so personal and unmistakable, they are likely to seem only half-absorbed in another poet's work, particularly when scattered with such profusion. But skilful imitation can be a promising sign in a young poet. Perhaps next time he might try a more impersonal model.

George Whipple's imagist evocations of the complex sensations of particular moments in particular places employ only a few of the many resources of language. They are very specialized and a bit arid, but open up to contemplation. Between the senses and between the arts, they exist in a no-man's-land of pure translation, where rainbows are more likely to be divided into the parts of speech than into the colors of the spectrum. The enemy of this world is analysis, abstraction, criticism, which debases the purity, divides experience, turns noun to epithet and stammer to swaggering arraignment, which locks the doorways of perception. Having debased a poem, I now let it bear witness to itself. Here is *The Grange* (i.e., the Toronto Art Gallery, as Mr. Whipple informs us in his amusing notes):

"tramontane
moon here
the, stammer, nouns;
there, master
and imperious unspeech
grips dithyrambs . . .
a rhetoric of nudes,
dunes clangorous,
aphonic, quote
alliterative quiet
. . . these letters bruise
those apothegms
of thighs
scythe soliloquizing breasts
no celebrant may tool
wrinkled lute
to cadences so smooth

. . .
speak not of those;
seethe, tongue,
grab appellatives,
wife in . . . (freer, hew
swaggering arraignments,
blab epithets) . . .
ear-turning mansions
word no minor lung has keys."

If what Donald Davie calls Bergsonian poetry is possible, this is probably it.

In *The Problem of Space* D. G. Jones writes:

"I would eliminate this bombast, this
Explanatory tripe, leaving an image,
Which tells all, and a space,
In which the birds or trees
Find all their palpable relations with the earth."

If the reader takes this statement seriously, he may expect

poems like Mr. Whipple's or, at least, pieces of Poundian imagism. But Mr. (or it is Miss?) Jones' syntax is fairly vigorous, and his poems derive as much of their strength from the pull of the verb and the coherence of the sentence as from the vividness of the image. In fact, these poems are not prolific of images which strike hard and speak for themselves. Mr. Jones may explain a good deal:

"These birches are too white for girls,
Unless they are the very limbs of youth,
Youth most lonely and most bare,
Without a leaf against the distant sun.
No, these birches have the stance and air
That buildings have and old machines
Left to the weather and the silent world
They are an abstract of organic growth,
The curve of an affair with wind and snow,
The curve of a resistance to transparent time,
Poised on the Atlantic of the winter sun.
Of earth's most candid passion for the sun."

Even in the least discursive poems the naked object is well clothed. Mr. Jones may regard this as a flaw, although I do not. But it is a flaw that he may find hard to avoid. For his poems make the best of a creative impulse that seems pretty sparse and uninsistent. The poet wishes to speak, he knows how to choose among the things that his invention provides, but the actual invention is hard to come by and he may just have to pick up a stone and squeeze it dry. The poetic instrument is in good condition, but little is demanding to be said. The results are very readable and also disappointing.

Jay MacPherson is undoubtedly one of the finest of the younger Canadian poets, but, if I wanted to convince someone of the fact, I don't think I'd refer to the poems in this anthology, lively as they are. The temptations of cuteness and whimsy are not always successfully met. Nevertheless, these poems are characteristic, both in their contemporary articulation of myth and archetype, and in their highly individual handling of diction and syntax. Since James Reaney stressed the former in his May review of her little pamphlet *O Earth Return*, I will stress the latter. The longest poem, *Orpheus, Eurydice, Persephone*, turns myth into soap opera or pulp fiction. Orpheus returns to Persephone by inadvertence not choice

("—He stayed a week
And she gave him gladly
What such true love did seek"),

and Eurydice commits suicide after calming herself with headache-powders. Finally,

"Orpheus and Persephone
Settled down for good,
Took a basement flat in
Saint John's Wood.
The neighbours think them
A hellish pair,
But to them that's neither
Here nor there.
They're perfectly happy,
There's nothing they lack,
And from then to now they've
Never looked back."

One of Miss MacPherson's most noticeable mannerisms is a kind of structural pun, based less on the mere meaning and sound of a word than on its grammatical function and level of usage. At the risk of sounding pedantic, I will elaborate. What is the antecedent of "that" in the sixth line from the

end: the whole preceding clause, or perhaps "hell"? Is "settled down for good" an inseparable piece of colloquial idiom or does it separate out into verb, adverb, preposition, noun, each with its familiar, literal meaning? ("Never looked back" stimulates similar questions, although, of course, the multiple richness of "back" mainly arises from the mythological commentary.) These lines rely to a surprising extent on function words (concrete images hardly exist), on the position of "They're," "There's," "they've," and, in particular, on the colorless adverbs of place and time, "here nor there," "then to now," "back." Indeed, place and time, like choice and happiness, have no meaning for this Orpheus and Persephone. Their cup runs over, they're perfectly happy, and they lack nothing, dwelling forever without history in their "basement flat in/Saint John's Wood."

The lost Byzantine flamboyance of Maria Fiamengo's poems, their world of mosaic and icon and incense, makes a striking contrast. Instead of precise evocation, depths plumbed with wit and economy, we have rich profusion, an uncontrolled symbolism, equally apparent when the surface subject is Eastern (*Poems for Sarajevo*) or Western (*Sea-Sound at Larabee Park*):

"Caliph and vizier, now insubstantial,
leave shadows made tangible—
shadows on monuments, ghosts on hard rock,
phantoms in the bazaar,
brief reincarnations in the pointed slippers
patient outside the yasmine door—
a debris mosaic of sadness and splendour."

But it is perhaps irrelevant to complain that the symbols lack coordination and form a "debris mosaic," because their disintegration, their elusiveness is the point — the real Byzantium has become the nostalgic Byzantium of Yeats, and the Sarajevo of mosque and cathedral has become the Sarajevo of Marshal Tito. For me the most moving poem (and the most sharply realized—at least to begin with—) is *The Wide Angel of Regret*, where the figures of Miss Fiamengo's lost world survive to mourn it. I quote the opening lines:

"Three Queens complaining of bitterness and night
Reliving in each other's banished hearts
Candles and cloth and gutterings in the dark
Pinching their nostrils for the scent of gold
Calling a footstool to the throne
Old in a land they would not own;
Old dwarves and young uncouthly men
Had filled their courts with gaunt motets
Mourning in green with green despair
Their unbecoming and unloving years."

Daryl Hine's poems are both cerebral and exciting. His conceptions are neither simple nor sensuous, but they express themselves in sentences that are taut, strong and vigorously involved. Allusive as these poems may be, they are not made to mystify. What the reader misses is really there to be missed. The mind behind them does not spread itself on the page; the will is active, there is movement and purpose. Poetry as thick as this is likely to make a critic's broad generalizations about meaning seem crude or misleading, but here are a few anyway. The *Four Fabularly Satires* (Mr. Hine's major contribution) are historical poems, consisting of a Pilgrim's Progress and three Falls, and are written in terms of familiar animal fables: the Owl and the Pussycat, the Three Crows, the Ant and the Grasshopper, and the Fox and the Crow. The seasonal settings are in reverse order (from Winter back to Spring), as are the historical (the Present, the Renaissance and Reforma-

tion, the end of Classical Civilization, and a sort of Evolutionary Fall — the passing of the purely animal world, with its natural integration). Since history for these poems is primarily the word in Time, the imagery keeps returning to art and language. The second poem is an interesting experiment, with its unholy trinity of crows (Puritanism, Science and Capitalism?) plundering the corpse of Chivalry in a fantastic epilogue to *The Two Corbies*, but I was more impressed by the third. It addresses a survivor of the Classical garden and teaches him how to court his old Muse in a new era. The historical panorama is moving from Stoic virtue to Pauline charity, from finitude to infinitude, from seasonal determinism to Christian pattern, from love as possession to love as service, from rhetoric to symbolism, and so on. At the centre of the poem is the transformation of the story of the Ant and the Grasshopper from Classical fable to Medieval. Snippet quotation is the curse of poetry reviews; so, at the risk of extending this review beyond all endurance, I quote the poem almost entire:

Be, at the end of your famous garden,
admonished, who hate all illusion,
to see your errant guest a skeleton,
the poppy and the hollyhock worm-eaten;
their possessors, of time past, will never pass
though they cut their veins in public baths.
Rhetoric alone, without a glass,
from private virtue fashions *fas*, *nefas*.

Be an orator, practice language clarity
to speak to her in elegant futurity
of the grasshopper, who lived on charity,
and the ant, example of austerity;

how they, when one winter taught them violence,
still held their converse in the present tense . . .



R.T.K.

'We, love, were more than trophies to each other.'
and, in the language of the living, smother
beneath the weight of their endearments, 'Brother,
were we more than prisoners of the weather?' . . .

Stop there. Turn her attention
to paradigms of the irregular declension
whose nouns perform a double function
the use of which grammarians fail to mention.

to figure pious passions on the grass,
The psychoanalyst wakes in church, alas,
where the photographer shutters in your path
to include you in his picture of the self.

Looking at this collection as a whole, I find it hard to make generalizations which are both sufficiently big and sufficiently meaningful. The variety is striking. Certainly Canadian poets show no sign of succumbing to any particular movement. The bottom level is high (even the worst of these poets are by no means negligible), but the top level is low (some of the best, like D. G. Jones and Jay MacPherson, do not seem to be writing at full stretch). If one compares it with a recent British anthology of young poets like *Spring-tide*, it stands up pretty well in the middle, but not at the top. I enjoyed *Poets 56* a good deal, but I record my opinion that (outside, perhaps, of Daryl Hine's *Four Fabulosity Satires*) no single poem in the volume is really first-rate.

MILTON WILSON.

Books Reviewed

PIONEER PUBLIC SERVICE: AN ADMINISTRATIVE HISTORY OF THE UNITED CANADAS, 1841-1867; J. E. Hodgetts; University of Toronto Press; pp. 292; \$5.50.

The federal union created in 1867 inherited the departmental organization, the administrative practices and attitudes, and many of the personnel of the administrative system of the United Canadas. The causes of many of the shortcomings of this system have long since been removed. We now have a professional civil service, the business man's conception of economy of a century ago has been discarded, what is now known as the "outside" service is remunerated by salary and not by fee, an effective system of audit and accounting has replaced what can only be described as an accounting chaos, administration at the federal level suffers today from an overdose of political stability rather than from the absence of it, while dualism within departments has not been entirely eliminated it is but a shadow of what it was in the United Canadas, few deputy ministers are now guilty of holding a low conception of their office.

These improvements are far from making Professor Hodgetts' brilliant administrative history a book of mere academic or antiquarian interest. From beginning to end it should sustain the attention of anyone in a position to appreciate present problems of public administration in Canada and seriously concerned to grapple with them. The most important and intractable of these problems also confronted the pioneer administrator. Professor Hodgetts' hope, expressed in his preface, that light will be thrown upon them by exhibiting them in a simpler setting is fully realized largely because he examines each administrative activity in relation both to policy and to the specific features of the environment affecting it. This is the only approach that gives meaning to the study of administrative problems and it enables the author to assess in each instance the respective contributions of policy and administration to success or failure and to illustrate effectively the truth that administration cannot hope to implement either a contradictory policy or a policy that is opposed to the interests of powerful

groups insufficiently checked by countervailing pressures in the environment.

Of great assistance to mature reflection and judgment on administrative problems, the book also provides a broader perspective in which to judge larger questions such as the alleged uniqueness of modern government. It will dispel the myth that the United Canadas was a *laissez-faire* state for anyone who may still believe it. Of great value, also, is the depth it adds to our understanding of responsible government. Conceived hitherto in Canada almost entirely in political terms, it could not, Professor Hodgetts demonstrates, become really effective until administrative control had been transferred to Canadian departments and until an adequate administrative apparatus, capable of keeping ministers informed and responsive to their touch, had been developed.

The present reviewer will offer only three points of disagreement. Professor Hodgetts is so carried away by the unsung merits of early administrators that in his preface he exalts them unduly at the expense of ministers. "Their genuine enthusiasm," he writes, "was ultimately transferred to those political leaders who began to envisage a broader union from sea to sea." It would be remarkable if men recruited and promoted in the manner he describes were really so effective. Moreover, this generous view is not borne out by what follows in the text. Indeed, the author himself points out that only in the Fisheries Branch of the Crown Lands Department did administrators have much effect on policy. Administrative initiatives such as the conservation policy of the Fisheries Branch and Langdon's slow creation of an audit and accounting system are unquestionably in the public interest and importantly so. While the influence of administrators is not necessarily confined to them, departmental programs of this type are what administrators (particularly, one would think, pioneer administrators) are most likely to generate.

Secondly, Professor Hodgetts tends to exaggerate the extent to which ministers after the granting of responsible government had to learn their jobs, or if he does not, he misconceives the reasons for their ignorance. The misconception may stem from his viewing developments from the high-water mark of Sydenham's activity as governor. Sydenham's predecessors were much less active and as Howe perceived in Nova Scotia transient governors were almost entirely in the hands of experienced and more or less permanent officials and advisers. If the ministers of the United Canadas had a lot to learn this would seem to be due mainly to two facts: many of the old gang had been ousted from power and ministers, having become responsible, were forced to become more efficient. By holding them effectively responsible to himself Sydenham did much to educate them. Since 1848 responsibility to parliament and to the Prime Minister has provided the incentive to learn.

It is to be regretted, finally, that the author did not deal with education, a sphere where dualism was at its sharpest and the central-local relationship crucial and where he would have found an administrator whose vision and zeal really did serve to educate politicians. Professor Sissons wrote a biography of a man and not a study of an office and Dr. Hodgetts has merely provided much, though by no means all, of the raw material for the latter. To complain, however, is to ask for more when much has been given.

J. M. Aitchison.

CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS: SEPTEMBER 1951 TO OCTOBER 1953; B. S. Keirstead; Oxford; pp. 268; \$3.50.

The two years covered by Professor Keirstead's volume were not lacking in importance or dramatic incident. Korea

and Indo-China, German rearmament and French colonial preoccupations, the death of Stalin and continuing efforts to sustain the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and to equip its forces for new methods of warfare all figure in his pages. These years, he says, were years of testing for the West—as has been the whole of the last decade—and his record brings out well the Canadian contribution to Western strength and Canadian influence on Western politics.

It has been the task of Professor Keirstead, as of his predecessors in the series, not only to record but also to disentangle Canada's role from that of other powers. He has attempted this double task with a difference. Canada figures less, the outside world more in this than in earlier volumes in the series. Indeed at times one feels as Professor Keirstead embarks on a confident diagnosis of domestic influences on the policies of the great powers that he is insufficiently aware of the need for disentanglement. Some parts of his book are admirably incisive and informative, others no less incisive would seem appropriate rather to an introductory study of contemporary world politics from a Canadian angle. In another respect, too, this book differs from its predecessors in the series. It is highly personal. Large parts of it are written in the first person singular, it is enlivened with some autobiographical information about Professor Keirstead's broadcast commentaries on international affairs and generally marks a departure from the detached, impersonal tone of earlier volumes. It may be that as a result this book will be more widely read on publication than earlier volumes but it may also be of less lasting value to students. If so, this, in my opinion, is something to be regretted. But then, if your reviewer also may be allowed his autobiographical note, he is a possibly old-fashioned historian from an English fenland university. *Nicholas Mansergh.*

BANK OF CANADA OPERATIONS, 1935-54: by E. P. Neufeld; University of Toronto Press; pp. 221; \$3.75.

Since the early studies by Stokes and Plumptre published before the war, there has been no systematic full-length treatment of Canadian central banking. Dr. Neufeld's book therefore fills—and fills well—an important gap in the literature of Canadian economics. Together with its companion volumes in the "Canadian Studies in Economics" series sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council, it also marks the emergence of a broader and more independent Canadian economics—though it is significant that three of the six volumes originated as London Ph.D. theses.

Dr. Neufeld is mainly concerned with tracing the history of the Bank's operations, though he begins with some useful chapters on the Bank's relation to the Government, its policy objectives, and its control techniques. His analysis employs modern techniques and concepts of monetary analysis with expert skill, and the story of the Bank's rise from rather suspect beginnings to its present position of assured leadership in Canada's monetary system is told well and readably. The narrative method does, however, tend to reduce the impact of the occasional criticisms of Bank policy which the author has to offer, as does his own caution in presenting them, and his pre-occupation with strictly monetary aspects.

Dr. Neufeld's sharpest criticism is directed at the inflationary policy of pegging bond prices pursued in the immediate postwar period; his criticism of the limited degree of expansion in the pre-war period is comparatively mild. The relative severity of these assessments is symptomatic both of the effectiveness of postwar prosperity in wiping out memories of the depression, and of the world-wide revival since 1949 of faith in monetary policy. Judged against the background of contemporary ideas and parallel developments elsewhere, the pre-war policy was much more, and the post-

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war policy rather less, open to criticism than Dr. Neufeld makes out.

Nevertheless, in comparison with the largely parallel evolution of policy in the U.K. and the U.S., the Bank's policy over the period stands up very well, chiefly because of the undogmatic Canadian approach to control techniques and the close integration of Bank and Government. This gratifying conclusion should, however, be qualified by appreciation of the many factors which inhibit effective domestic criticism of Canadian economic policy. Until there is a real political cleavage over the principles of Canadian economic policy, studies such as this are likely to take the form of relatively innocuous and respectably documented success stories. This is not, of course, a criticism of Dr. Neufeld's able study, which is an important contribution both to Canadian economics and to the international literature on central banking.

Harry G. Johnson.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMITTEE: AN ESSAY ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION: K. C. Wheare;
Oxford; pp. 264; \$3.75.

This is a technical book which will be of service chiefly to students of politics and practitioners of that art. Professor Wheare has made quite a thorough analysis of the use of committees in British government at both the local and national level. Adopting a functional approach he devotes a separate chapter to each of committees to advise, to inquire, to negotiate, to legislate, to administer, and to scrutinize and control, and to this he adds a chapter on the different types of men engaged in committee work (the chairman, the layman, the expert, etc.).

The result is informative, though at times a little wearying. However, as a manual Professor Wheare's book should rank high, for it is clear, unpretentious, and enlivened by an occasional touch of dry humour. "Some chairmen apparently cannot talk, others apparently cannot stop talking. Either type is a mistake and it is difficult to say which is worse." (P. 181.) One can't help regretting that the author did not choose to give us the benefit of his wit and of his own experiences in committees (he has been a member of the Oxford City Council since 1940) in a more personalized account of committees.

But this is beside the point. While *Government by Committee* says much that is obvious, the book is characterized by common sense and judicious appraisal. The final chapter on the House Committees on Public Accounts, Estimates, and Statutory Instruments is particularly useful for those interested in considering possible improvements in the operation of the Canadian House of Commons. Maybe relevant passages should be marked heavily in red and sent off to the government at Ottawa.

P. W. Fox.

THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA: Dorothy Woodman;
Ambassador Books; pp. ix, 444; \$6.00.

Miss Woodman's account of Indonesia is packed with information drawn from extensive reading and a prolonged tour of the new Republic. In the first third of her book this may well be a fault for the general reader. While the descriptions of Java, Sumatra, Kalimantan (Borneo), Sulawesi (Celebes), and Bali and of their inhabitants which follow one another are sharp and often pleasing, the historical setting is unnecessarily dull. However, this may possibly be ascribed to the undeveloped state of historical study of pre-modern South-East Asia. When one follows Miss Woodman into the period of the struggle of the Indonesians for independence the account becomes a more lively one. Her sympathies are very much for the Indonesian nationalists

and very little for the Dutch. For this story of broken promises and ruthless opposition by the Dutch and of half-hearted support from the United States Miss Woodman has undoubtedly benefitted from George M. Kahin's excellent and comprehensive *Nationalism and Revolution in Indonesia*, an indebtedness which she acknowledges.

The third part of her book consists of eight chapters which treat the major problems facing the Indonesian Republic. The tasks of creating a unitary state out of the three thousand islands of the Indonesian archipelago with their diverse cultural backgrounds, and of constructing a viable independent economy from the colonial economy left behind by the Dutch, loom above all others. In these matters as well as in her discussion of education, cultural trends, social welfare, political parties and trade unions, and Indonesia's international position Miss Woodman takes an optimistic view, one that is perhaps a shade too credulous at times. The chapter on "Building a New Economy," for example, does not come to grips with the basic problem of how an annual investment of 12 to 15 billion rupiahs needed to achieve significant economic progress—in the face of population growth at an estimated rate of 1.5 per cent annually—is to be obtained.

The Republic of Indonesia may nevertheless be recommended as the best available introduction to Indonesia's political problems since World War II as they have been shaped by her geography, history and culture.

A. Feuerwerker.

THE POLITICS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY, 1640-1945:
Gordon A. Craig; Oxford University Press; pp. xx, 536;
\$7.50.

At this particular moment in history, this admirable book by Professor Craig of Princeton strikes the reader as almost painfully apposite. The government of the West German Republic is at present engaged in setting up a new German Army, and in trying to provide machinery which will ensure that army's subordination to the civil power. Such subordination is common form, and considered of the first importance, in other great Western states. Germany, until now, has never achieved it, as this book makes clear.

To a limited extent it duplicates Wheeler-Bennett's monumental work *The Nemesis of Power* (though Craig uses certain sources, such as the Seeckt and Groener papers, which were not available to Wheeler-Bennett). But Craig, unlike the English writer, tells the whole story from its beginnings in the 17th century. He describes the tremendous political importance of the Army in Prussia and later in the German Empire. He notes the defeat of the Prussian liberal military reformers of the Napoleonic period (a group of soldiers almost entirely unique in German history) in their attempt to introduce political reforms paralleling those in the military system. He deals with Bismarck's struggles with the General Staff brought on by the latter's desire to control both the high military policy and the foreign policy of the country. He makes clear the baneful influence of the Army in the crisis of 1914 ("The great decision . . . was made by the soldiers") and on German foreign policy during the First World War; and he emphasizes its basic responsibility for Hitler's accession to power. The generals thought they could control Hitler; but Hitler controlled them. He brought the army to heel and humiliated it as no other German ruler had ever done. It remains to be seen whether the leaders of a democratic Germany can now keep the reconstituted army in due subordination, or whether the tendencies so strongly marked through three centuries of history will assert themselves successfully once more.

Mr. Craig's book is a very thorough piece of research and

an excellent piece of writing. It should be required reading for all diplomats and statesmen who have to deal with the central fact of modern European politics—the "German problem."
C. P. Stacey.

SPECULATIVE INSTRUMENTS: I. A. Richards; University of Toronto Press; pp. xxi, 216; \$4.50.

This volume brings together eighteen occasional pieces, mostly of 1947-53: articles, formal lectures, addresses, notes for talks. Their common concern is "with interpretation, with the politics of the divided mind and with the resolutions which generate intelligibility and comprehension." The aim: not theory or dogma, but "to increase familiarity with situations in which we are trying to see what is being said, situations above all in which we would, if we could, investigate our intellectual instruments themselves."

Taking up Plato's metaphor of the mind as a state, Richards insists that we need Universal Studies on the (ideal) analogy of the United Nations, and that we must examine the responsibilities of any discipline that would seek to legislate for such a community. He analyses shrewdly the relations between Science and the Humanities and considers the need for making the Humanities cumulative by a return to philosophy as the affectionate pursuit of wisdom. The paradox in such an issue is that "we must derive our powers from the very forces which we have to do our best to control."

It is impossible in small space to summarize the substance of this volume. The essay "Towards a Theory of Comprehending" — "the most positive and stable thing in the volume" — is an impressive delineation of the scope, complexity, and delicacy of the central crux — language. A few quotations will illustrate the provocative pungency of Richards' approach to these questions. "The necessary methods are already available — though in great need of development and application. In part they are philosophic, though this will be a discouraging remark to those who, with some justice, see in contemporary philosophy little but semi-systematic mutual misunderstanding practised professionally." "The same misunderstandings endlessly occur. Misinterpretations run to type, to a small number of types. We do not at present benefit as we should from the limited variety of our stupidities." "A common purpose jointly understood is the only remedy powerful enough to protect man from his suicidal forces — a multiplication of his intelligence and a reformation of his will through an operative knowledge of what we can and should be."

George Whalley

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: Random House; pp. 402; \$5.00.

This is the book — now in its second printing — that contains a paragraph about T. S. Eliot one is not likely to forget, if one is interested in the fate and future of contemporary poetry. It is the paragraph beginning Chapter 25, which speaks of *The Waste Land* as "the great catastrophe to our letters . . . which gave the poem back to the academics." That sentence may come as a surprise, and a revelation. The rest of Williams' book will then throw light on the nature of this perception.

In a time when poetry, beginning as the exploration of urban reality, with novel rhythms, with a new candor in language, politics, morals, ended in an unprecedented arrogance in literary criticism, Seven Types of Exclusion for the innocent reader, and finally a conformism in poetic manner as rigid as the heroic couplet (though less distinct, and not beautiful), the straightforward humanity of William Carlos Williams clearly points a moral. It comes as refreshment. The "Intellectuals" who have worked so hard to quarantine

themselves from the middle class might here learn that there was another way: Dr. Williams (M.D., not Ph.D.) among the sick and maimed, among men, not books alone, has discovered cleanness and a share of truth.

He is a poet who has worked all his life as a doctor, finding in his profession no conflict with poetry but "an elementary world" of contact with people, "naked . . . without a lie": his source of insight into an age, into "living, the theme that all my life I have labored to elucidate." In this busy life as a doctor, the poems just got written ("it takes next to no time at all . . . We waste hours every day doing absolutely nothing at all") between patients: "I had my typewriter in my office desk. All I needed to do was to pull up the leaf to which it was fastened and I was ready to go. I worked at top speed. If a patient came in at the door while I was in the middle of a sentence, bang would go the machine—I was a physician. When the patient left, up would come the machine." This is obviously not in the spirit of T. S. Eliot.

From the beginning he was up against it, first the commercial racket in literature, then the new order in poetry that began to set in after 1922. (Williams doesn't complain, but one can gather a good deal.) Against "the stupidity, the calculated viciousness of a money-grubbing society such as I knew and violently wrote against" . . . "We had no recourse but to establish publications of our own . . . mimeographed and clipped together" etc. The old story.

In these terms he had foreseen from the beginning that his work was not for money; and the intellectual snobs habitually looked down on him. "I knew that the kind of writing I would do would not be for sale." His whole lifetime, until his middle fifties, has been spent in neglect and obscurity; for a long time he published his books at his own expense (*In the American Grain*, 1925, was his first by a commercial publisher; he had started in 1909). It is not until the last fifteen years, since World War II really, that

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CRESTWOOD HEIGHTS: A North American suburb.
By John R. Seeley, R. Alexander Sim, and Elizabeth W. Loosley. Published by University of Toronto Press.
\$6.50

Williams has come into his own; has been acclaimed by the universities, who began to invite him to talk and read; has been published by Random House; has had the literary movement (*Origin*) take its rise from his poems and criticism.

Praise from Randall Jarrell has gone far to spread this new fame. And this turning point seems to mark a return to a breezy line in modernism that we had lost, alas, to pedantic cerebration, to an arrogance immune to living experience, during the period since 1922. Eliot, for all his genius as a poet, showed the way to that circle of pride—it is the flaw of his temperament; and Pound (who at the same time has a strong drive in a very different direction) was not irresponsible. But here is Williams today, correcting all this: "Only now, as I predicted, have we begun to catch hold again and restarted to make this line over."

The style of this autobiography is a whiplash of sparkling native (U.S.) speech. The contents, full—almost too full—of an anecdotal interest, is manifold in the information it gives: on the little magazines, the backstage history of modern poetry; on the great friend and mentor Ezra Pound (magnificent despite the wholesome debunking a confession achieves), whose name is a red thread running through the book; on the creative intentions and personality of William Carlos Williams; in fact, on the world we live in—for to be inside Paterson is more than to be inside Gunther in Europe or Asia.

The New Critics notwithstanding, this is the life and sensibility of a true poet. Its meaning is not ambiguous at all.

Louis Dudek.

COLERIDGE AND SARA HUTCHINSON, AND THE ASRA POEMS: George Whalley; University of Toronto Press; pp. xxi, 188; \$4.50.

Any part of the Coleridge story is a story of someone becoming unattractive. This again is the story in the part Mr. Whalley tells here so carefully, so exactly. Sara Hutchinson was a rather special but nonetheless typical object of Coleridge's vague attention. The married poet held her hand rather warmly when he first met her at the Sockburn farm, reflecting perhaps at once upon rustic fireplaces and social classes — matters of growing concern. Sara's sister shortly became Wordsworth's wife, and Sara herself became Coleridge's secretary, gradually being pushed into that blighted, backward region which Dorothy Wordsworth, an earlier admiration, already occupied. But not without vengeance. Heartsick supposedly for love of Sara, Coleridge (who could not contemplate a divorce) departed for Malta, there to develop during a two-year sojourn his love of opium. Becoming the ghost of Wordsworth's *Prelude* during this absence, he returned fat, frightened, and dreadfully addicted. All was now too evident. We know about the unpleasant separation from the Wordsworth household, of which Sara had become a member. We know about Wordsworth's sharp part in this separation. Mr. Whalley's book allows us to see the part women had in this rejection. In typical angelic numerosness they stand together, accusing and scorning. For his expulsion Coleridge may have blamed Wordsworth more than he should have, perhaps because of an unwillingness to recognize the essence of this rejection. "I think he had better . . . put a pistol to his brains," Catherine Clarkson said. Sara, to be sure, was not using such words. Nonetheless she, who observes a certain anonymity anyway, rather disappears into this general figure of woman who closed the door on Coleridge as only woman could or should.

If there is a fault in Mr. Whalley's account, it might be in his hesitation to admit the degree of Coleridge's emotional

weakness. Perhaps he is only sparing his readers. The Sara attachment was odd. Coleridge hoped she might be married off to John Wordsworth. He twisted her name in every way of pun and anagram until it finally got bent into Asra. And to his love for her this neo-Petrarchan brought large and heavy amounts of his new philosophical language of the imagination. "O bring my whole nature into balance and harmony." This is the final disappearance of a personality. Sara is resurrected into a metaphysical region, to become the anima of this smouldering poet, this "cricket in hot ashes."

Once we have accepted Coleridge's deeply withdrawn world, our sympathy and our wonder are revived. There in the library at Greta Hall, with the letters no longer opened, we meet in solitude those "tent-like hangings" in the mind—memories, dreams, the very unconscious — the only area in which Coleridge could drop an awkward formality and be himself. Mr. Whalley has not missed the moments of best advantage which come to the Coleridge biographer.

Mr. Whalley's biographical account is occasioned by his opportunity to publish here in typefacsimile, for the first time, eleven Coleridge poems in that form in which they were written down by Sara Hutchinson in a personal manuscript, in which she later copied several Wordsworth poems. In addition to setting forth this text with much care and information, Mr. Whalley has studied these Coleridge poems closely for their submerged reference to Sara herself. Further, he places these poems among the Asra poems — those poems of Coleridge generally identified with Sara. As we follow her relation to Coleridge's imagination, we see her sustaining a subtle gathering of images that includes "ostriches speeding in moonlight skies" and "mossy seats." But on the side though, we see her less as the center of an image cluster than as a sort of association fetish which Coleridge used to reconcile himself to "fire" and "dogs" and "dressed fowl" — not a spirit but a "concave mirror." While exploring the Sara associations, Mr. Whalley generally illuminates Coleridge's imagery and line — the wildflowers, the sand and water formations that vanish, "the flexible caressing movement of his meditative blank verse." In most useful ways he prepares us to read such things as the "Inscription on a jutting Stone, over a Spring" (—likely "Sara's Rock" and spring).

Long may this spring
Quietly as a sleeping Infant's Breath
Send up cold Water for the Traveller
With soft green and even Pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of Sand it's soundless Dance,
That at the Bottom, like a Fairy's Page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth Surface of the Fount.

Or the lines on the butterfly, ancient Grecian emblem of the soul:

. . . for in this bodily Frame
This is our Lot, much Labor and much Blame,
Manifold Motions making little Speed,
And to deform and kill the Things on which we feed!

In this little poem, Mr. Whalley says, Coleridge has revealed his appalling discovery that "imperfect love can be devastatingly destructive."

Kenneth MacLean.

ALL HONORABLE MEN: David Karp; McClelland and Stewart (Knopf); pp. 311; \$4.50.

THE LAST HURRAH: Edwin O'Connor; Little, Brown; pp. 427; \$4.50.

These two novels have both political themes and both are set in the United States; otherwise they have little in common. One is a study of that modern social phenomenon, the

anti-communist investigation, and the other is an affectionate picture of an old-style city politician.

The hero of *All Honorable Men* is a famous liberal educator called Dr. Milo Burney who accepts the directorship of a newly formed Institute for American Studies and finds that he has become involved in investigations of the proposed faculty members. An economist called Joseph Ness becomes a key case, and private detectives are called in to clarify his past. Although there is no solid evidence against him, enough doubts are raised to stir up a public clamor which ends in Ness's suicide. This brings Burney to his senses and he sets out on a campaign for civil liberty. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the story is the vivid picture of the difficulty non-communist liberals face in fighting anti-communist fanatics without themselves becoming involved with communists.

On the whole, however, this is not a very good novel. There are some enlightening passages, but the characters are not fully developed, and the writing smacks of the soap opera. This is strange, for Karp's earlier novel, *The Day of the Monkey*, was restrained and effective; indeed, it caused some critics to compare him to Orwell. Perhaps the explanation for the change is to be found in this sentence about the author: "He is now a free-lance radio and television writer."

The Last Hurrah is a much more effective novel, although its hero could hardly be considered "liberal" or "progressive" in any sense. It is the story of the last campaign of Frank Skeffington, an old-style political boss, now over 70, who has run his predominantly Irish-Catholic city for nearly forty years. The campaign is seen through the eyes of Skeffington's nephew who regards his uncle as a lovable old rogue and is fascinated by all his political shenanigans.

Informed opinion holds that Skeffington was patterned on James Michael Curley, long-time mayor of Boston, and if this is true, Curley could ask for no more sympathetic portrayal. Skeffington knows how to use all the dishonest tricks that have brought the ward politician into disrepute, but in spite of his crookedness he is such a warm and generous personality that the reader finds himself secretly hoping that he will come out on top in his last great battle. When he is unexpectedly defeated by the nonentity whom his enemies have combined to support, we realize that the curtain has come down on one of the most colorful chapters of American politics.

O'Connor has managed to make Skeffington such a real person that you may find your eyes wet as you watch by his deathbed, and he has surrounded him with a whole gallery of fantastic yet somehow believable characters. There are passages of rich humor and dozens of colorful scenes: an Irish wake, a rally at the Ninth Ward Democratic Club, the intensity of election night, and Skeffington's farewell to his faithful hangers-on. One of the funniest episodes is the carefully staged television appearance of Skeffington's colorless rival, complete with borrowed dog and portrait of the Pope.

Edith Fowke.

BALLET AND CAMERA: John Hart; Clark Irwin; pp. 48; \$2.25.

Why is it there are so many books of pictures of the ballet, and why are they so appealing? The answer that occurs to me is that ballet is perhaps the most ephemeral of the arts. It is only recently that a practical way of writing down dance choreography has been invented; and you cannot play your favorite ballet and dancers at will on a dancophone. Even opera and plays, which depend largely on performance, can be recorded or read by the public. But when a ballet is over, it is only a memory in the mind of the

spectator, and the dancer's highest achievement passes with no other trace.

Except, of course, pictures. The emotional appeal of ballet resides to a great extent in motion; nevertheless, much of the grace of line and atmosphere can be captured in photographs. And so, ballet fans collect books of pictures. Admirers of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company should be interested in a small book of pictures taken by ballet-master-photographer John Hart showing "Sadler's Wells dancers behind and on stage." He has taken as organization the life of the dancers from practice in the bare background of rehearsal rooms, to performance in full costume and the final bow.

The particular virtue of this collection comes from the photographer's double knowledge which enables him to take pictures that are both artistic and a realistic record. His action shots and close-ups of such dancers as Julia Farron, Svetlana Beriosova and Margot Fonteyn are particularly attractive and reveal these dancers' nobility of feature and ability to create character from within. Included are pictures from the ballets *Giselle*, *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Homage to the Queen*, *Rinaldo and Armida*, *Madame Chrysanthème*, *Ballet Imperial*, *Mam'selle Angot*, *The Firebird*, and *Le Lac des Cygnes*.

Wendy Michener.

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PIPELINE AND PARLIAMENT

(Continued from front page)

masterpiece the Government claimed, why not seize the opportunity to rout the Opposition on the field of its own choosing? But no; the Government chose to force the measure through by holding to Parliament's head the gun of closure, with Tennessee's hand on the trigger.

The Government had a variety of replies to these objections.

First, Trans-Canada wouldn't be American-controlled once the public issue of stock was made, because its agreement with the Government stipulated that it must offer enough of the stock in Canada to make up 51 per cent of the total which would then be outstanding.

This means nothing. Issuing the stock in Canada does not mean that it will be held in Canada. There is nothing to prevent every single share being bought by Americans. Besides, everyone knows that a very small block of shares, well concentrated, can give effective control; so that even if Canadians did hold 51 per cent of the stock, they might have no control at all.

Second, the Government accused the Opposition parties, especially the Conservatives, of hostility to American investment in general. This is simply not true. If the line was to be privately owned, and was to be built in Canadian territory, to carry gas solely to Canadian consumers (exporting to the United States only what Canada couldn't use), few would object even if the Americans owned the whole thing, providing they put up their own money. But when they proposed to put up *our* money to carry *our* gas to *their* country, under their control, it was hardly the same thing. This is no more "American" investment than the pipe line is an "all-Canadian" pipe line.

Moreover, the process by which Trans-Canada will set its price for the gas it sends to the United States will be just like "collective bargaining" between an employer and a company union. Tennessee, which effectively controls Trans-Canada, will sit on both sides of the table and bargain with itself; and, as with the company union, it is not hard to guess which side will come out on top.

Third, however, was the Government's trump card: there could be no possible danger in the scheme because the whole thing would be under Canadian law. To this, unhappily, the proceedings on the bill itself supplied the answer. Who makes that Canadian law? Parliament. And who, in this case, controlled Parliament? The Government. Who controlled the Government? Mr. Howe. Who controlled Mr. Howe? The American owners of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines.

Just look at what happened. The bill was brought down late. At the very outset of the resolution stage which precedes the bill itself, Mr. Howe gave notice of closure, before anyone else had uttered one syllable, whether of support or criticism. Closure means that debate ends about 36 hours later. The resolution was carried by closure. There can be no debate on first reading. Second reading was carried by closure after four days' debate. In committee, the most important stage, on six of the seven clauses, not one syllable of debate was allowed. On the first three, Mr. Howe spoke 205 words. Nobody else was allowed to say one word. On the last three, nobody said anything: they were simply called, put to the vote and carried. On third reading, the Prime Minister gave notice of closure before anyone else had said a word. To cap it all, the Speaker actually moved a motion from the chair, to make Friday Thursday, and the obedient Government majority passed it.

The Government tore up the rules, turned the Speaker into a party hack, and made a mockery of parliamentary government, all at the behest of a few American millionaires.

It even risked having no money to pay salaries on June 15, making no effort to ask for interim Supply till after the pipe line bill had been passed. In effect, Tennessee Gas told the Government of Canada: "The business of the people of Canada can wait; ours can't. This bill must be passed by June 7, cost what it may." Passed it was. And with its passage parliamentary responsible government, for the time being, disappears.

The most frightening thing about the whole performance is that the Government seems to have no idea of what it has done. To Mr. St. Laurent and his colleagues, and the Speaker, as they made abundantly clear, parliamentary democracy means simply voting and getting a majority: counting heads instead of breaking them; no question of also using them; of discussion, of debate. The very meaning of the word "parliament," a talking-place, is lost upon them. They have no notion of the rule of law, still less of the fact that the whole British constitutional system can function only upon a basis of self-restraint, of fair play, of observing not merely the letter but the spirit of the rules. They are horrified by Opposition members' defiance of "constituted authority" in the person of the Speaker, though it was he who was defying constituted authority by breaking the rules, and they who were upholding it by their resistance. They are virtuously indignant at "obstruction," blandly unaware that it is not only a legitimate but an essential part of parliamentary government. Of course it is not to be lightly used. But, just as a Government defeated in the House on a great issue of public policy appeals to the people, so an Opposition, on a great issue of public policy obstructs the Government and, if necessary, forces an appeal to the people. The Liberals did it in 1881 on the C.P.R. charter, and again in 1896 on the Remedial Bill. The Conservatives did it on the Reciprocity Agreement in 1911, and forced an election on it, and won. The Liberals did it again on the Naval Bill in 1913, for nearly four months, and finally blocked it in the Senate. The Conservatives did it last year, on the Defence Production Bill, and forced the Government to give way.

But surely the majority of the House has rights too? Yes, within the rules, written and unwritten. It has no right to break the rules, in the letter or in the spirit. Specifically, it has a right to invoke closure; but only when there has been ample debate. Mr. Meighen, the author of the Canadian closure rule, was asked, when he introduced it in 1913, whether some Government might not some day use it precisely as this one has done on this bill. His reply was that a Government which did would be "at once insane and vicious." That, it is to be hoped, is the epitaph which the Canadian electorate will shortly write upon this Government's tombstone.

EUGENE FORSEY

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